

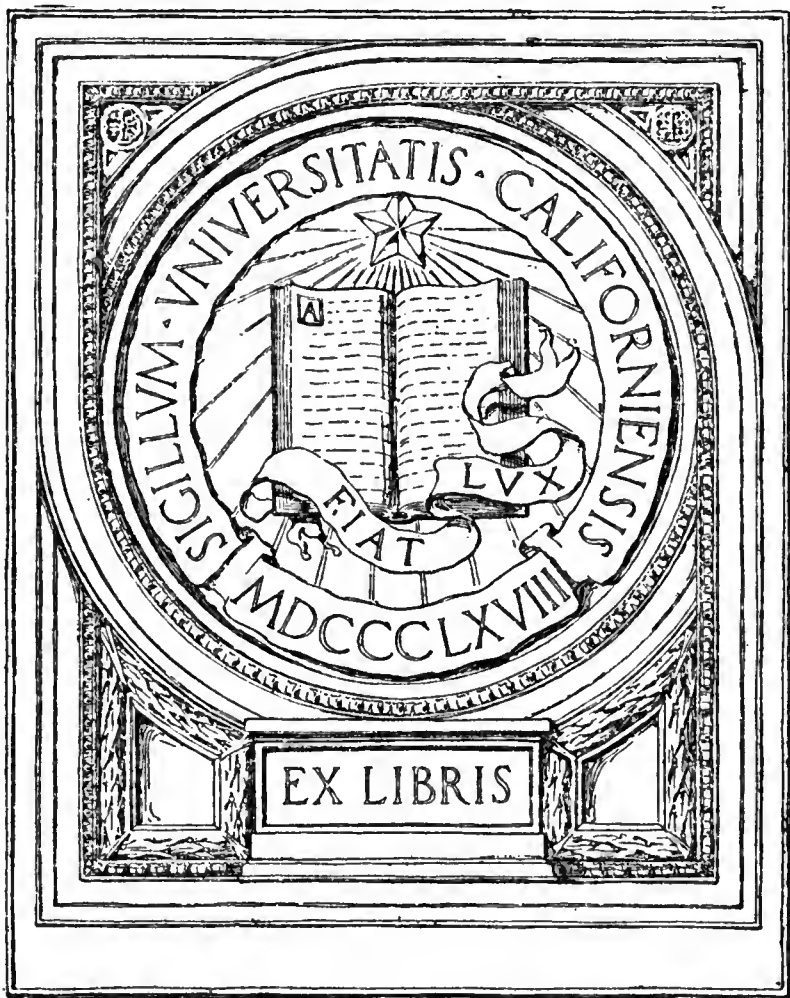
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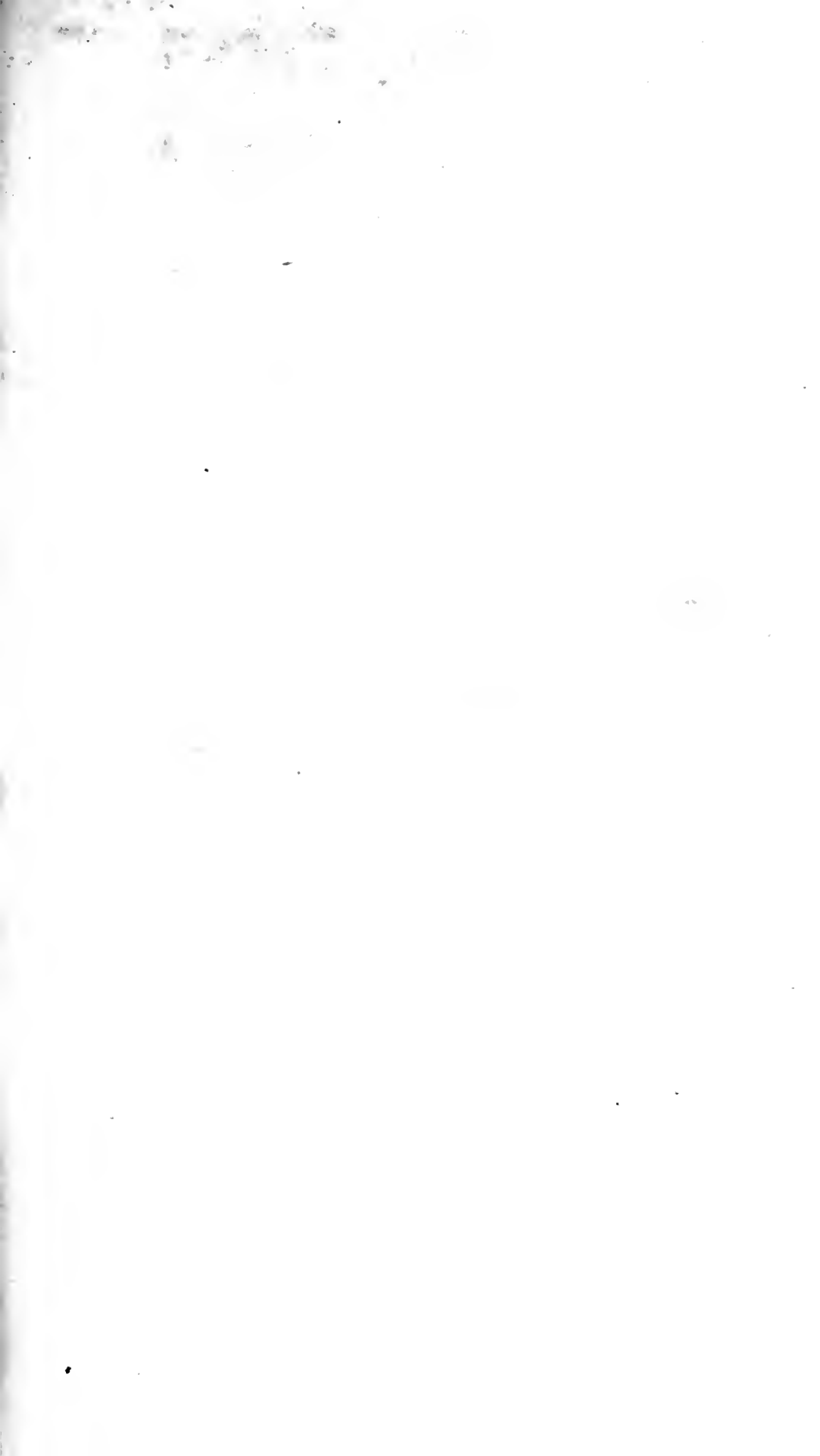
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JACOB VOORSANGER MEMORIAL



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that the end of the world is near.

See E. H. H. H.

Thurs. Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> 1880

Graciously lived till 1800 & desired to see  
with all the best wishes that my heart can give;  
Replication taken of a friend most true -  
and it is glorious great Jehovah's name.

in our Father's Temple and its words and lines.  
None have been and on which drawing pictures -  
many every heart and hand in every name,  
acknowledging Religion and its divisions.

When so you shall many names and names,  
which shall be in our hearts and minds -  
of the light of truth and of the name of Jesus.





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# H Y M N S

WRITTEN

FOR THE USE

OF

HEBREW CONGREGATIONS.



"I will sing unto the Lord while I live: I will sing praise unto  
my God while I exist." PSALM CIV., v. 33.

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FOURTH EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED.

---

CHARLESTON, S. C.

PUBLISHED BY THE  
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A. M. 5627.

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# HYMNS.



# HYMNS.

---

## 1. CONSECRATION HYMNS.\*

- 1 1 When Faith, too young for a sublimer creed,  
Hersimple text from nature's volume taught,  
She 'wakened Melody, whose shell and reed,  
Though rude, upon her spirit gently  
wrought.  
But soon from sylvan altars she took wing,  
And music followed still the angel's flight;  
Savage no more, she touched a golden string,  
And sung of God, in Revelation's light.  
Lend, lend our chords, ye seraph-pair,  
The soul of Jesse's son,  
That we may in harmonious prayer,  
Exalt the Holy One!

\* Hymns 1, 2, and 3 were sung at the consecration of the Synagogue of the Congregation Beth Elohim, on Friday, the 26th of Adar, A. M., 5601.

2 Girt in His lightning robe, God gave the law,  
 From trembling Sinai, to His eldest-born ;  
 Tablets, that time from memory could not draw,  
 A talisman in Judah's bosom worn.  
     His spirit before thousands past,  
     To *one* alone revealed ;  
 And 'mid the thunder's awful blast,  
 Faith's covenant was sealed.

3 " Him first, Him last," Him let us ever sing,  
 Whose promise yet the Hebrew pilgrim  
     cheers ;  
 Who shall His wandering people once more  
     bring  
 Back to the glory of departed years.  
     Bright pillar of our desert path,  
     Through shame and scorn adored ;  
 Thy mercy triumph's o'er thy wrath,  
 Creator, King, and Lord !

4 Lost is the pomp, that in the land of palms  
 Thy regal temple on Moriah graced ;  
 No wreathing incense *here* Thy shrine embalms,  
 No cherub-plumes are round its altars  
     placed.  
 Our censer is the " vital urn,"  
 Our ark 's upborne by zeal ;  
 To these, Almighty ! wilt thou turn  
 At Israel's appeal.

5 Now, let joyous Hallelujah's ring,  
 The *fallen* casts her ashes far away ;  
 Behold another fane from ruin spring,  
 In brighter and more beautiful array.



Enter in brotherly accord  
 God's holy dwelling-place ;  
 Chastened in spirit and in word,  
 There supplicate His grace.

- 6 Hear, O Supreme ! our humble invocation ;  
 Our country, kindred, and the stranger  
 bless !  
 Bless, too, this sanctuary's consecration,  
 Its hallowed purpose on our hearts impress.  
 Still, still let choral harmony  
 Ascend before Thy throne ;  
 While echoing seraphim reply :  
 The Lord our God is One !      P. M.

COMFORT YE ! COMFORT YE !

ISAIAH, CHAP. XL., V. 1.

- 2 1 By Babel's streams Thy children wept ;  
 Then mute, O Israel ! was thy choir ;  
 While as thy weary exiles slept,  
 And on the willow hung thy lyre,  
 A seraph's voice, soft as the dew,  
 Fell on their dream with "Nahamoo."
- 2 No song made glad that mournful voice ;  
 No ease was for that bruised breast,  
 'Till He who led thee to rejoice,  
 Sent forth from Zion His behest !  
 Firm as thy faith in Him was true,  
 Like manna fell the "Nahamoo."
- 3 The stranger hath usurped the seat  
 Where, crowned with glory, blaz'd thy fane

“The flow’ry brooks thy hallow’d feet  
Still wash,” O Zion ! still remain  
To mark the ruin and renew  
The memory of the “Nahamoo.”

- 4 God’s mercies shine, a lingering beam,  
The pilgrim on his path to light ;  
From Sinai’s brow, from Jordan’s stream,  
From off’rings of the heart contrite,  
His promises all our hopes imbue  
With blessings of the “Nahamoo.”

J. C. L.

- 3 1 Israel ! to holy numbers  
Tune thy harp’s exalting strain ;  
From its long entranced slumbers  
Wake to life its soul again.
- 2 Give to song its ancient glories,  
Let the pealing anthems rise,  
Proudly to rehearse the stories—  
Gem’d with glory from the skies.
- 3 Gently chaunt fair Miriam’s praise,  
*Faith* sustained her heart sincere ;  
’Twas *her* first enraptured lays,  
Sounding timbrils tuned to prayer.
- 4 Rejoicing went the welcome song,  
As to heaven up it rose,  
Sweet spirits would the sound prolong,  
Half awak’ning from repose.
- 5 Almighty God ! before this shrine  
Man his Maker worships free ;  
Oh ! bless it with Thy love divine,  
Fill it with Thy charity.

- 6 God is eternal—and alone !  
 Humbly let us bend the knee,  
 While seraph's guard His sacred throne,  
 Linking immortality. C. M.
- 

## II. ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

### 1. UNITY OF GOD.

(ADONE NGOLAM.)

- 4 1 Before the glorious orbs of light  
 Had shed one blissful ray,  
 In awful power the Lord of might  
 Reigned in eternal day.
- 2 At His creative, holy word,  
 The voice of nature spoke ;  
 Unnumber'd worlds, with one accord,  
 To living joys awoke.
- 3 Then was proclaimed the mighty King,  
 In majesty on high ;  
 Then did the holy creatures sing  
 His praises through the sky.
- 4 All merciful in strength he reigns,  
 Immutable, Supreme ;  
 His hand the universe sustains,  
 He only can redeem.
- 5 He is the mighty God alone,  
 His presence fills the world ;  
 He will forever reign, the One,  
 Eternal, only Lord !

6 Almighty, powerful and just,  
 Thou art my God, my friend!  
 My rock, my refuge, and my trust,  
 On Thee my hopes depend.

7 Oh! be my guardian whilst I sleep,  
 For thou didst lend me breath;  
 And when I wake my spirit keep,  
 And save my soul in death. D. N. C.

5 1 One God! One Lord! One mighty King!  
 In unity will Judah sing;  
 Transmitting e'er from sire to son  
 The truth that God is only One.

2 Thee, Sov'reign of the universe,  
 Through ages, 'mid all sects diverse,  
 The Hebrew child is taught to praise,  
 To lisp Thy name, and learn Thy ways.

3 To Thee alone, when life recedes,  
 The dying Israelite still pleads;  
 In *One* Redeemer, God, and guide  
 His fleeting spirit doth confide.

4 Centre and Source of truth sublime!  
 The sun is but a lamp of time,  
 A transient spark by mercy fed,  
 That man might up to Thee be led.

5 Thy law is that eternal Light,  
 That dawning first on Horeb's height,  
 Still deigns on Israel to shine,  
 A proof of grace and love divine.

6 It penetrates the stubborn heart,  
 And purifies its sinful part.

The voice of God, O Judah! hear,  
And fix His law for ever there.

P. M.

## 2. IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

### PSALM XC.

- 6 1 O God! as we on nature gaze,  
We see through all her mighty maze,  
The spirit of mutation;  
Thou art alone with power endued  
To triumph o'er vicissitude;  
Thou knowest no variation.  
Stars disappear  
From heaven's sphere,  
Yet *Thou* art there!  
Seas shrink to rills,  
High rocks to hills;  
Such change but nature's law fulfills.
- 2 Exhaustless Source of countless suns!  
Thy voice to earth's unheeding ones  
This mandate e'er resoundeth:  
Alike ye abject and august,  
Sink, downward sink, to kindred dust,  
Where death his empire foundeth.  
God of the spheres!  
A thousand years  
*One day* appears  
To Thee, whose hand  
The heavens spanned,  
And worlds on worlds stupendous planned.
- 3 We are as flowers of the mead,  
Bearing corruption's fatal seed  
Within our heart's recesses;

But, oh ! believe the truth we sing,  
 To soul and blossom comes a spring,  
     That vivifies and blesses.  
     Each hath its tears,  
     Each tribute bears  
     Of sweets or prayers ;  
     But man, whose mind  
     God's image shrined,  
 Shall place among immortals find.

- 4 Behold the grass with dew-drops decked !  
 Canst thou in its green spires detect  
     Aught that decay portendeth ?  
 Yet look, at eve, on each young blade  
 That in the beams of morning played,  
     Cut down—with dust it blendeth.  
     Type of man's fate !  
     With youth elate  
     His mortal date  
     Remote appears :  
     'Till waning years  
 Wither the verdure life first bears.

- 5 Three-score—how small a part is this,  
 Of ages cast in that abyss  
     Where time his victims hideth ;  
 That tomb of *many yesterdays*,  
 From which a voice proceeds and says  
     To those whom reason guideth :  
     From this our grave,  
     Ye fair and brave,  
     Your *tomorrows* save  
     Lest by neglect  
     These two are wrecked,  
 And buried 'neath oblivion's wave.

6 Then count the moments as they pass,  
 Shining or dark, from time's sand-glass,  
 Ere they depart for ever;  
 From each some blessed thought extract,  
 To each attach some godly act,  
 Or virtuous endeavor.  
 Then shall no change  
 Your peace derange,  
 Your souls estrange  
 From that great guide  
 Who rules the tide,  
 That past from future doth divide.

7 Immutability is Thine,  
 Creator, King, and Lord divine,  
 In whom perfection dwelleth!  
 Oh! bring us nearer to Thy throne,  
 Let us from angels catch the tone  
 That of thy glory telleth.  
 Oh! bless the meek  
 Who daily seek  
 Thy praise to speak;  
 Whose efforts blend,  
 Faith to extend  
 In Thee, man's never-changing Friend!

P. M.

### 3. OMNIPOTENCE.

7 1 Glorified throughout all time,  
 Be the name of God supreme!  
 Who in heaven reigned sublime,  
 Ere creation felt His beam.

2 He the world's foundation laid  
 By His strength of will alone;

Suns and stars around him played,  
Catching splendor from His throne.

3 Nature, at His bidding, brought  
Atoms into elements;  
Works of beauty then were wrought,  
Worthy of Omnipotence.

4 Mountains towered high and vast,  
Seas from viewless caverns gushed,  
Infant winds serenely passed,  
Flowers into being blushed.

5 Tenants of the air and deep,  
Animals that tread the ground,  
Insect tribes that o'er it creep,  
Were to life and order bound.

6 Man, at last, God's spirit felt  
Glowing warmly in his soul;  
Earth before a sov'reign knelt,  
And acknowledged his control.

7 With this spark of light divine,  
Shining o'er the breast within,  
Mortal, oh! what shame is thine,  
When thou fallest into sin.

P. M.

8 1 The Lord of heaven reigns,  
Eternal and sublime;  
All limit he disdains  
Of power, space, or time.

2 Though ages take their flight,  
No change in Him it makes,  
Whose raiment is the light,  
Whose voice in thunder speaks.



3 Stars with His essence fraught,  
 In harmony unite,  
 To praise the Hand that wrought  
 The orbs of day and night.

4 As ocean ebbs and flows,  
 Swayed by its viewless guide,  
 In tempest or repose,  
 God still is glorified.

5 O Lord ! let me not fail  
 In trials of the soul ;  
 Let perfect faith prevail,  
 And pious self-control.

6 Desert not Thy frail charge,  
 But with a father's care  
 My heart and mind enlarge,  
 To *bear* and to *forbear*.

P. M.

#### 4. OMNISCIENCE.

9 1 In God, the holy, wise, and just,  
 From childhood's tender years,  
 Have I reposed with perfect trust  
 My worldly hopes and fears.

2 From every page that time has turned,  
 Since that bright season fled,  
 Some useful lesson have I learned,  
 Some striking moral read.

3 The prize ambition keenly sought,  
 A worthless bauble proved ;  
 The web of gold by av'rice wrought,  
 A mighty Hand removed.

- 4 No self-exalting scheme can man,  
     Unknown to God, project ;  
 No dark device the sland'rer plan,  
     Which He will not detect.
- 5 In vain would evil-doers hope  
     His scrutiny to fly ;  
 Nought passes beneath heaven's cope,  
     Unnoticed by His eye.
- 6 Oh ! should my term of life exceed  
     Frail man's allotted days,  
 In age to Mercy would I plead  
     For strength my God to praise.

P. M.

- 10 1 Divine Disposer of events !  
     To whom all praise belongs ;  
     Each attribute of Thine presents  
     A theme for countless songs.
- 2 Though mortal years were multiplied  
     A thousand thousand fold ;  
 Yet time would scarcely be supplied,  
     Thy powers to unfold.
- 3 How shall a feeble, finite mind  
     Of Thine omniscience sing ?  
 Wisdom for this no words can find,  
     And melody no string.
- 4 In timid tones if angels speak  
     Of Thee, all-knowing God !  
 How then shall man, minute and weak,  
     Thy excellencies laud ?
- 5 All heights and depths in nature's bound  
     Are visible to Thee,

The lofty heart, the mind profound,  
The mountain and the sea.

6 No eye but Thine, eternal King !  
Can penetrate the grave ;  
No hand but Thine from thence can bring  
The soul Thy grace will save.

7 Oh ! let us then in virtue's scale  
Strive ever to ascend,  
And find, beyond this tearful vale,  
An everlasting Friend. P. M.

GENESIS, CHAP. XVI., v. 13.

11 1 Almighty God ! whose will alone  
Sufficed the world to fabricate ;  
Whose comprehensive glance is thrown  
O'er every empire, realm and state :  
How from Thy ever-searching eye,  
Can man the *heart's* dominion hide ?  
Where passions among virtues lie,  
As reptiles among flowers glide.

2 Father of mercies ! aid my soul  
Its failings to eradicate ;  
Let truth its every thought control,  
Its every feeling elevate.  
Fearless before Thee let me stand,  
O Lord ! in conscious rectitude ;  
And feel, when human deeds are scanned,  
That mine with favor shall be viewed.  
P. M.

## 5. OMNIPRESENCE.

- 12<sup>1</sup> Wherefore Hallelujah sing,  
 O thou who knowest not  
 Where an omnipresent King  
 May by thy soul be sought?  
 Canst thou fix the point or place  
 That His spirit holdeth?  
 Earth and heaven, time and space,  
 In His grasp He foldeth.
- 2 Dust-born atom! look above,  
 Where lustrous worlds are shrined;  
 Ask, if all-pervading Love,  
 To these His light confined?  
 Let proud ocean's voice attest,  
 (Though fathomless to man,)  
 If ubiquity may rest  
 Within its mighty span.
- 3 Ask of the blast that rendeth  
 The forest's sylvan robe,  
 Whether it comprehendeth  
 The Ruler of the globe?  
 Turn from living elements  
 To those by death dissolved;  
 Ever-present Providence!  
 Art Thou in these involved?
- 4 All repeat as they respond:  
 "What can the *boundless* hold?"  
 Answered from the world beyond:  
 "Naught of a finite mould!"  
 Yet by whirlwinds, stars and seas,  
 The Lord is magnified;  
 Shall not *human* praise then please  
 Our omnipresent Guide?

- 5 Oh ! then let no emotion  
 By which the heart is swayed,  
 Prevent that deep devotion,  
 That should to God be paid.  
 Social life and solitude  
 Alike shall prompt the prayer,  
 That faith, hope, and gratitude  
 Before His throne shall bear. P. M.

- 13 1 I tremble not ! Thou, Lord, art nigh,  
 All-knowing and all-seeing !  
 To *Thee*, disconsolate, I fly,  
 Kind Guardian of my being.  
 From infancy to age mature,  
 Thee only did my soul adore.
- 2 No ev'ry evil that annoys,  
 To every trial fearful,  
 Thou bringest some light counterpoise,  
 To make earth's vale less tearful.  
 But, oh ! how few interpret right,  
 Either the blessing or the blight.
- 3 Sad consciousness have I, alas !  
 Of sinful meditation ;  
 O'er which Omniscience cannot pass  
 Without stern reprobation.  
 Yet doubt shall not my faith debase,  
 That sets no limit to Thy grace.
- 4 Self-kindled, Thine intelligence  
 The universe enlightens ;  
 And darkness, e'en the most intense,  
 To mid-day splendor brightens.  
 Guilt vainly seeks nocturnal shades,  
 Since naught Thy mighty grasp evades.

- 5 A sinner's cry, a seraph's call,  
 Alternate Thou attendest ;  
 A flower's rise, an empire's fall,  
 In one survey Thou blendest.  
 All nature 'neath Thy glance expands,  
 But who *Thine* essence understands ?
- 6 "Show me Thy glory ?" said the seer,  
 Who Sinai's law attested ;  
 "In graciousness will I appear  
 Before Thee manifested."  
 Thus did the voice of God proclaim,—  
 Goodness and glory were the same.
- 7 Invisibly He passeth by  
 His children every hour,  
 Who from devotion's rock descry  
 His majesty and power ;  
 But none among the living seen  
 May contemplate His awful mien.
- 8 Yet through my spirit, oft I see  
 His countenance all beaming ;  
 When charity, by His decree,  
 Worth is from want redeeming:  
 And man, most like his Maker, shows  
 When this pure love within him glows.
- 9 I tremble not my heart to bare  
 Before Thee, Judge eternal !  
 Whose hand will dry contrition's tear,  
 With tenderness paternal.  
 Whose mercy hath to mortals given  
 Promise and foretaste of Thy heaven.

## 6. DIVINE LOVE.

- 14 1 Not for affliction, gracious God !  
       Sons of dust didst Thou create  
       Blossoms on Thy penal rod,  
       Its keen strokes to mitigate.
- 2 Buds of joy and thorns of sorrow  
       On the tree of life arise ;  
       Care to-day, content to-morrow,  
       Thus human lot diversifies.
- 3 Upon the verge of midnight's skies,  
       Dawn's silver herald gleams ;  
       So hope, that on grief's border lies,  
       The heart from gloom redeems.
- 4 And as night's silence, deep and drear,  
       By morning's voice is broken,  
       So is the stillness of despair,  
       By words that faith had spoken.
- 5 Winter, inclement and unkind,  
       Yet guards the sleeping flowers,  
       That spring on its return may find  
       These smiling in her bowers.
- 6 Adversity's most bitter day  
       From us *this* world estrangeth ;  
       But for the soul prepares the way  
       To one that never changeth.
- 7 The thunder-clouds of war contain  
       Elements of peace serene,  
       That brings a rainbow back again,  
       Where martial storm had been.
- 8 Meek faith converts the couch of pain  
       Into a bed of roses ;

For there we moral vigor gain,  
To bear what God disposes.

9 The soul there breaks its carnal shell,  
Impatient for that station  
Where saints and seraphs ever dwell,—  
The kingdom of salvation.

10 A God, a Father, holds the scale  
That good and ill comprises ;  
Oh ! then let trust in *Him* prevail,  
Which e'er of these arises. P. M.

## 7. DIVINE MERCY.

GENESIS, CHAP. IX., v. 13.

- 15 1 When light broke forth at God's command,  
It brightened ocean, air and land,  
'Twas then that clouds, and shells, and  
flowers  
Caught vivid colors from its showers.
- 2 But soon the earth waxed bold in guilt,  
Defiling shrines by virtue built ;  
Proud man pursued his evil course,  
Unchecked by reason or remorse.
- 3 No ray of light creation cheered ;  
Skies black as mortal sin appeared ;  
Then burst the deluge o'er the doomed,  
And wrath divine a *world* entombed.
- 4 Behold ! upon the wings of light,  
Tremble the rain-drops large and bright ;  
And, lo ! the tears of recent storm  
Have taken Mercy's radiant form.



- 5 The bow, the covenant, the token,  
 The promise never to be broken,  
 Expands in beauty o'er the sod,  
 Where Noah rears a shrine to God.

P. M.

16 1 O King of glory ! when we contemplate  
 Thy majesty and our mean estate ;  
 Thy purity, that by the angels seen,  
 Makes even *their* bright spirits seem unclean.  
 How wondrously benign dost Thou appear,  
 O'er mortals to extend a *Father's* care !

- 2 Oh ! were it not for mercy such as Thine,  
 How could the conscious sinner seek Thy  
 shrine ?

How hope for grace, when long arrears of sin  
 Recorded stand upon the soul within ?  
 But Thou, O Lord ! with clemency divine,  
 Wilt not the guilty to despair consign.

- 3 *Who* more than Judah can this truth  
 attest ?

To *whom* hath goodness been more manifest?  
 Though from the prophet's harp he proudly  
 turned,

And inspiration's warning music spurned ;  
 Through ages he to Heaven's promise clings,  
 And far from Zion of salvation sings.

- 4 Beneath the pressure of a thousand ills,  
*One* hope the heart of every Hebrew thrills,  
 That he may yet prove worthy of Thy love,  
 And by repentance ling'ring wrath remove ;  
 The frown of Justice change to Mercy's  
 smile,

Blest as an Israelite devoid of guile. P. M.

- 17 1 O'er all this wide and beauteous earth,  
       *One* God immortal reigns—  
 His glory, truth, and unity  
       Link'd by eternal chains.
- 2 Let angels join in holy song,  
       Around His heav'nly throne,  
 And mortals, with undying hope,  
       Look up to Him alone.
- 3 The gratitude of ev'ry heart  
       Its incense bears to Thee,  
 O Ruler of the starry sky,  
       The earth and boundless sea!
- 4 Thy mercy shines divinely bright,  
       A mild, yet glowing beam,  
 And ev'ry soul that worships Thee,  
       In love wilt Thou redeem.
- 5 Thy blessings fall like morning dews,  
       To cheer each troubled breast;  
 Thy presence o'er the universe  
       For ever is confessed.
- 6 'Tis Thou canst calm the angry waves,  
       And still the tempest's roar,  
 Almighty God! whose glory gilds  
       Eternity's bright shore.       C. M. C.

GENESIS, CHAP. XXI.

- 18 1 Weeping, and loth from all she loved to part,  
       Stood Hagar, trembling at her Lord's  
       decree;  
 And, oh! how like a desert was her heart,  
       When from His gentle presence urged  
       to flee.

- 2 But Sarah's looks, full of indignant scorn,  
 The truth to her foreboding soul revealed;  
 Forth with her infant son she fled forlorn,  
 And to his *Sire* above for aid appealed.
- 3 Her scanty bread and beverage are spent,  
 Yet Ishmael sleeps unconscious of her  
 pain ;  
 A cry of agony to God is sent :  
 "Would that the child would never  
 wake again !"
- 4 The earth grows brighter where the mother stands,  
 A hand divine arrests her falling tears ;  
 A cloud of glory gilds the burning sands,  
 And a celestial voice the mourner cheers.
- 5 "Arise and drink of yonder balmy well !  
 Nor from the wilderness henceforward  
 roam ;  
 Father of nations *here* the lad shall dwell,  
 With freedom blest for ages yet to come."
- 6 Oh, ever Bountiful ! forsake us not,  
 When driven forth to wander through  
 life's waste ;  
 But cheer with beams of love each barren  
 spot,  
 And let us of the spring of mercy taste.

P. M.

## PSALM CXLV.

- 19 1 I will extol Thee, O my King !  
 Thy holiness proclaim ;  
 And earth with ev'ry voice shall sing,  
 The glories of Thy name.

- 2 Thy tender mercies brightly shine,  
 Immortal is Thy pow'r ;  
 Thy *love* a beaming ray divine,  
 That lights each passing hour.
- 3 The mem'ry of Thy goodness still  
 Shall grateful hearts pervade ;  
 Thy majesty and glory will  
 For ever be displayed.
- 4 The eyes all shall wait on Thee,  
 For perfect are Thy ways ;  
 And pious hearts united be,  
 O Maker ! in Thy praise. C. M. C.

### 8. DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

- 20 1 How cold that man ! to faith how dead !  
 Who, having nature's volume read,  
 Finds not, from first to last,  
 Some truth that to his moral sense  
 Proves an eternal Providence—  
 A present, future, past.
- 2 Below the brute *that* being ranks,  
 Who fails to render grateful thanks,  
 When he creation scans ;  
 Where mountains lift their heads sublime,  
 Gray witnesses from elder time,  
 Of Wisdom's mighty plans.
- 3 Where forests wave and oceans flow,  
 And light sheds an impartial glow,  
 Like that of Mercy's rays ;  
 Where gentle flowers yield their sweets,  
 And ev'ry warbling bird repeats,  
 Instinctive notes of praise.

- 4 Yet such there are in human kind,  
 Whose souls to worldly claims resigned,  
 With apathy behold,  
 Not only blossoms, hills and streams,  
 But heaven with its starry beams  
 Of incorruptive gold.
- 5 Blind pilgrims these who grope their way,  
 Without a guide their steps to sway,  
 Until a sudden fall  
 Reminds them, when perhaps too late,  
 Of those vicissitudes of fate  
 Which for religion call.
- 6 Oh! then will startled conscience seek  
 Peace with an angry God to make,  
 And lips will move in prayer;  
 Gracious and long-enduring Lord!  
 Pardon e'en then wilt Thou accord,  
 If man but proves sincere. P. M.

## PSALM LXXVII.

- 21 1 I will still remain with Thee,  
 My God! in each vicissitude;  
 Though misfortune compass me,  
 My trust shall never be subdued.  
 Father! to Thy hand I cling,  
 Seeking refuge 'neath Thy wing.
- 2 When some bold inquirer asks:  
 Whom callest thou a gracious master?  
 Is it love that overtasks?  
 Is it grace that brings disaster?  
 Silencing the scoffer's strain,  
 Faithful still do I remain.

- 3 Once again the scorner speaks :  
     Why should the transgressor flourish ?  
     Him who every statute breaks,  
     Why should Heaven's bounty nourish ?  
     Fool ! the sun matures the seeds,  
     Both of flowers and of weeds.
- 4 But beyond life's little hour,  
     Memory the blossom shieldeth ;  
     For each leaflet of the flower  
     Still a grateful odor yieldeth ;  
     Whilst noxious plant, decayed,  
     Scentless in the dust is laid.
- 5 Thus embalmed, each spirit pure,  
     By remembrance e'er is cherished ;  
     Where is then the evil doer ?  
     Where the place on which he perished ?  
     Let oblivion answer this,  
     From its dark and dread abyss.
- 6 Lord ! to Thee will I adhere,  
     Though condemned in grief to languish ;  
     Though the whole of my career  
     May be spent in tears and anguish.  
     See I not a better land ?  
     Hold I not a Father's hand ?
- 7 Source of light and purity !  
     Living, let truth my mind illumine ;  
     God of all futurity !  
     Unlock the portals of my tomb.  
     Let my *soul* the blessing gain,  
     With Thee ever to remain.

22 1 We look to Thee, ineffable King!  
       Whose spirit dust could organize,  
       Into each bright and beauteous thing,  
       That in the globe's wide compass lies;  
       Paternal, providential Lord!  
       We look to Thee and praise accord.

2 We look to Thee, protective Power,  
       Whose beauty for no claimant waits;  
       But freely flowing every hour,  
       Thy children's wants anticipates.  
       To satisfy our soul's desire,  
       We look to Thee, almighty Sire!

3 We look to Thee when sorrow's season  
       Covers with frost the head and heart;  
       When suffering from social treason,  
       Friend after friend we see depart.  
       Thus desolate, O God! above,  
       We look to Thee alone for love.

4 We look to Thee when feeling gaineth  
       Mastery o'er the moral sense;  
       When curb and counsel it disdaineth,  
       By reason brought for its defence.  
       From this dread trial to be free,  
       Searcher of hearts! we look to Thee.

5 We look to Thee when we discover  
       Death's shadow on our pathway rest;  
       When all life's interests are over,  
       That once elated or depressed.  
       A better, brighter world to see,  
       Saviour and Lord! we look to Thee.

## 9. DIVINE PROVIDENCE IN RELATION TO ISRAEL.

- 23 1 The sun shines on with glorious light,  
       And smiles upon this world of ours;  
       The moon with lustre soft and bright,  
       On earth her silver radiance pours.
- 2 'Tis God who wreathes the brow of night,  
       With bands of burning, glitt'ring stars;  
       'Tis God, with endless power and might,  
       Who moves the morning's golden bars.
- 3 And He, through all these works sublime,  
       Looks down upon a favored race;  
       For Israel, from creation's time,  
       Dwelt 'neath the wing of heavenly grace.
- 4 The light divine of holy love  
       Still sheds on Judah's broken band  
       A halo beaming from above,  
       And kindled by th' Almighty's hand.

C. M. C.

- 24 1 Lo! He sleeps and slumbers not,  
       Israel's God and Guide!  
       Then, whatever be thy lot,  
       In Him thy hope confide.  
       To Him be all thy heart resigned,  
       Whose hands alone its wounds can bind.  
       Oh, fear not!  
       But trust to His paternal care,  
       All that on earth to thee is dear;  
       Never from remembrance blot:  
       Omnipotence slumbers not.



- 2 Lo ! it sleeps and slumbers not,  
 The providence of heaven !  
 But has watched o'er every spot,  
 To which thou hast been driven.  
 Special hath been the protection  
 Of the race of its election.  
 Tremble not !  
 But ever to his will conform,  
 Whose word can tranquilize the storm.  
 Who (oh ! be it ne'er forgot,)  
 Ever present, slumbers not.
- 3 Lo ! they sleep and slumber not,  
 God's transcendent powers !  
 These all radiant beauties wrought,  
 From stars, and gems, and flowers,  
 Brighter than all, man's spirit made,  
 In His similitude array'd.  
 Despond not !  
 Love, that nature animated,  
 Will defend what it created ;  
 Rock, worm, bud, in wisdom brought,  
 Say : God's power slumbers not !
- 4 Lo ! it sleeps and slumbers not,  
 That deep abiding love !  
 With forbearing patience fraught,  
 That man's remorse should move.  
 That mightiest of attributes,  
 Which evil into good transmutes.  
 Oh, weep not !  
 For in this charity divine,  
 Thou hast a token and a sign,  
 That whate'er God may allot,  
 His compassion slumbers not.

5 Lo ! it sleeps and slumbers not,  
 God's equity supreme !  
 That casts in every mortal's lot  
 A shadow and a beam.  
 Whose bolt retributive descends  
 On him who 'gainst His law offends.  
 Yet, doubt not  
 That he who acts a righteous part,  
 Will rest upon his Father's heart,  
 When that kingdom shall be sought,  
 Where pure justice slumbers not.

6 Lo ! it sleeps and slumbers not,  
 That all pervading grace,  
 That in palace and in cot,  
 Leaves its benignant trace ;  
 Whose radiations mild are thrown,  
 Unceasingly from zone to zone.  
 Oh ! linger not,  
 Thou wanderer from virtue's way.  
 To Providence contritely pray,  
 Mercy ne'er is vainly sought ;  
 Judah's Guardian slumbers not.

P. M.

## ISAIAH, CHAP. XLIV.

25<sup>1</sup> Fear not, fear not, O Jeshurun,  
 My own, my chosen treasure !  
 Blessings are for thy offspring won,  
 Yea, mercies without measure.

2 Like willows by the water-course,  
 Ye righteous servants flourish ;  
 My spirit, the unfailing source,  
 That Jacob's seed shall nourish.

- 3 Idols of earth usurp my praise,—  
 Beware, O cherished nation !  
 Lest ye your hearts in homage raise,  
 To God's abomination.
- 4 "I am the first, I am the last ;"  
 Woe to the bold blasphemer !  
 Who shall some monstrous image cast,  
 And call it his Redeemer.
- 5 Beneath the firmament's broad cope,  
 Bear witness as ye gather,  
 That I *alone* am Israel's Hope,  
 His Judge, his King, his Father.

P. M.

## PSALM CXXVII.

- 26 1 Unless the land where ye abide,  
 The care of Heaven boasts,  
 Falsely to watchmen ye confide  
 The safety of its coasts.
- 2 Except the Lord will fortify  
 The fabrics ye erect,  
 Vain are the pillars, strong and high,  
 Of mortal architect.
- 3 Whether, O Judah ! ye sojourn  
 In deserts, towns, or tents,  
 To God, as to your fortress, turn  
 Your tower of defence.
- 4 On land and sea, enslaved or free,  
*His* name alone extol ;  
 Who is, who was, and e'er shall be,  
 Guardian and King of all.

P. M.

### III. MAN'S DIGNITY AND DESTINATION.

#### 1. MAN'S DIGNITY.

- 27 1 O God! within Thy temple-walls,  
 Light my spirit seems, and free,  
 Regardless of those worldly calls,  
 That withdraw it oft from Thee.  
 Faith to the proudest whispers: Here  
 Riches are but righteous deeds,  
 And he who dries a human tear,  
 Ne'er to mercy vainly pleads.
- 2 Can sorrow at Thy altar raise  
 The voice of lamentation?  
 Oh, no! its plaint is changed to praise,  
 Regret, to Resignation.  
 To naught all human evil shrinks,  
 Where revelation showeth  
 That God each soul to heaven links,  
 Which ne'er in trust foregoeth.
- 3 Oh! Brightest, most benignant boon,  
 Above all others rated:  
 With Thee, Creator to commune,  
 In temples consecrated;  
 That when life's boundary is past,  
 More glorious still appears;  
 Since sanctuary, we at last,  
 Find in celestial spheres,—
- 4 Where no distinction shall be found,  
 Between immortals heav'n born,  
 And spirits that, by virtue crowned,  
 Once the chains of earth have worn.

Merciful Father ! may 'Thy child  
 Claim this privilege divine ?  
 Shall I, by sinful thoughts defiled,  
 Call a boon so precious mine ?

- 5 My courage fails not, since Thy grace  
 Exceeds in boundless measure,  
 The guilt of that transgressive race  
 Who kindle Thy displeasure.  
 Therefore to the house of pray'r  
 E'er will I my steps address,  
 All Thy mercies to declare,  
 While my errors I confess. P. M.

## 2. MAN, THE IMAGE OF GOD.

28 1 Exult, my soul, in consciousness proud,  
 That I in God's image was made :  
 That 'mid nature's irrational crowd,  
 Moral light to me was conveyed ;  
 When dust, by His pure breath refined,  
 In flesh the "vital spark" enshrined.

- 2 Oh ! how shall I deserve the station  
 Omnipotence assigns to me ;  
 Whose spiritual elevation  
 Is next to angels in degree ?  
 How Mercy's likeness manifest,  
 Reflected in each mortal breast ?

- 3 Perilous pre-eminence ! to hold  
 Perfection's model in the mind ;  
 Yet feel how the inferior mould  
 In which its essence is confined,  
 May all its majesty efface,  
 And leave of stamp divine no trace.

- 4 Immortal reason ! hast thou no beam  
 Of bright intelligence to prove  
 Thy semblance to that Sire supreme,  
 Whose breath is life, whose blessing love?  
 Triumph ! though passions dim thy ray,  
 In thee God's image we survey.
- 5 Justice, by thee for e'er directed,  
 His strongest feature typifies ;  
 In truth (through reason best reflected)  
 His spirit's light I recognise ;  
 And in beneficence e'er trace  
 His brightest trait : celestial grace !
- 6 How glorious this filiation,  
 Between the Lord of worlds and me !  
 Oh ! how shall I deserve the station,  
 Next to the angels in degree ?  
 Like these, by walking in His ways ;  
 Like these, by singing e'er His praise.

P. M.

## 3. VIRTUE.

- 29 1 God of power ! in Thy gift  
 Though countless blessings lie,  
 My voice for *one alone* I lift,  
 In prayer to Thee on high.
- 2 No covetous appeal for gold  
 Shall from my lips proceed ;  
 Nor by the love of fame controlled,  
 For crowns of glory plead.
- 3 I ask but for the precious ore  
 Contained in *Virtue's mine* ;  
 And for her wreath that will endure,  
 When diadems decline.

4 Of godliness, by Grace supreme,  
 Would I become possessed ;  
 Grant that its pure and perfect beam  
 May on my spirit rest.

5 Let wisdom of the heart, O Lord !  
 Be now and ever mine ;  
 All else is but corruption's hoard,  
 Dust, hiding light divine. P. M.

30 1 Oh ! what avails my destination,  
 As immortality's great heir,  
 If I, regardless of salvation,  
 Do not my soul for this prepare ?  
 If to the world's illusive pleasures  
 My spirit hourly I yield,  
 And for its frail and fleeting treasures,  
 Uncultured leave fair virtue's field ?

2 And what is temporal ambition,  
 That never yet fruition found ?  
 A most unhallowed superstition  
 In deities, *itself* hath crowned.  
 That in its soul false idols setting,  
 Makes their decree a law supreme,—  
 The statutes of *that* God forgetting,  
 Whose power can alone redeem.

3 Mean avarice ! how low the perches  
 To which *thy* grasping talons cling ;  
 Thy downward glance unwearied searches  
 For gold,—thy precious phantom-king.  
 Barren the ground in which it lieth,  
 Buried and hidden from thy view ;  
 And nature to its grave denieth  
 Flowers, she elsewhere loves to strew.

- 4 Should I *not* yield to the temptations  
 Of passions fierce and wild as these,  
*Self-worship* still exacts oblations  
 That will not less my God displease—  
 To my *own* service consecrating  
 All that *His* bounteous hand conferred ;  
 My neighbor ne'er conciliating,  
 By gift of love or gentle word.
- 5 Gracious Creator ! ere I perish,  
 Let me my trespasses retrieve ;  
 Righteous desires let me cherish,  
 And works of godliness achieve.  
 In Thy covenant let me rejoice,  
 And in its precepts persevere,  
 For life's chief ornament, making choice  
 Of Truth, whose crown the angels wear.
- 6 When in the valley of death I walk,  
 Firm be my step, my mind serene ;  
*There*, on my God, Redeemer and Rock,  
 Will I in trust unfalt'ring lean.  
 My soul shall not tremble while waiting  
 Its sentence within the dark tomb ;  
 But heaven *beyond* contemplating,  
 Shrink not from its prelusive gloom.

P. M.

## 4. PIETY.

- 31 1 Oh ! turn at meek devotion's call  
 From idle dreams of worldly power ;  
 Which flourishes awhile, to fall  
 And perish, like an earth-born flower.
- 2 Countless are pleasure's bright decoys,  
 Unwary mortals to ensnare ;



Faith beckons thee from barren joys,  
And points to her immortal sphere.

3 Wouldst thou thy soul to God commend?  
Forsake the scene of heartless mirth;  
Seek those who weep without a friend,  
Bring wine and oil to suff'ring worth.

4 Let piety direct thy choice,  
In all thy spirit's high concerns;  
Then shall the pilgrim's heart rejoice,  
Who in the "vale of tears" sojourns.

P. M.

32 1 How long will man in pleasure merged,  
Religion's claims neglect?  
How long, by worldly interest urged,  
Her warning hints reject?

2 Vain prodigal of precious time!  
Were mental gifts bestowed  
To waste in folly or in crime,  
Oblivious of thy God?

3 When surfeited with life's repast,  
Its sweetness turned to gall,  
Thy conscience will be roused at last,  
And death thy soul appal.

4 Will worshipers of gold then fly,  
Thy dying couch to cheer?  
Thy *spirit's* cravings to supply,  
Will Mirth desert her sphere?

5 No! Piety forsaken long,  
Invoked with earnest zeal,  
Will, even *then*, forget her wrong,  
And answer thy appeal.

- 6 But better, wiser far are all,  
 Whose youth devoutly past,  
 On heaven's "Great Physician" call  
 With confidence at last. P. M.

- 33 1 Man of the world! wilt thou not pause,  
 And give thy heart to Heaven's cause?  
 In paths of interest wilt thou plod,  
 Forgetful of the Lord thy God?
- 2 Oh! turn away from life's parade,  
 Before thy soul hath been betrayed  
 From virtue's eminence to stoop,  
 And forfeit its eternal hope.
- 3 What purer pleasures wouldst thou taste,  
 Than are by piety embraced?  
 What higher prize couldst thou obtain,  
 Than thy Creator's love to gain?
- 4 The wealth and glory of the skies  
 Are won, by generous sacrifice,  
 By him who selfish joy foregoes  
 To mitigate another's woes;
- 5 Whose resignation, calm and meek,  
 Will humbly of God's chastening speak;  
 Whose soul from perjury is free,  
 And worships but *one* Deity.
- 6 Man of the world! no gift of thine  
 Compares with Mercy's pledge divine,  
 Which pardon to each sinner yields,  
 Whose spirit true contrition feels. P. M.

- 34 1 In holiness, Eternal Lord!  
 Thy servant would excel:

Oh ! let its spirit in each word  
And in each action dwell.

2 No strength have I to combat long  
With passions fierce and wild ;  
Nor hope amid corruption's throng,  
To wander undefiled.

3 For self-direction too unwise,  
For self-defence too frail ;  
On godliness my hope relies,  
Their spells to countervail.

4 This shall my heart's best warder prove,  
When proud and venal foes  
Presume against benignant love,  
Its avenues to close.

5 This shall from avarice secure  
Thy worshiper's weak thought,  
By showing that its golden lure,  
True bliss hath never caught.

6 From envy, vanity, and pride,  
This, too, my soul shall save ;  
O gracious God ! O holy Guide !  
Grant me the grace I crave.

P. M.

35 1 "Blest is the man to whom the Lord  
No iniquity e'er imputes,"  
Who hath the grounds of truth explored,  
And meekly gleaned its godly fruits.

2 Above all mortals, blest is he  
Who, from temptation's tangled maze,  
Hath set his struggling spirit free  
To walk in God's appointed ways.

- 3 King of the universe! impart  
 To me that energy divine,  
 Which nerves the weak and wayward heart,  
 Unrighteous feelings to resign.
- 4 With Thine immortal presence fill  
 The depths of my degenerate soul ;  
 Subject its motions to Thy will,  
 Its passions to Thy pure control.
- 5 Oh ! let Thine interdict suffice  
 Each wrong desire to restrain ;  
 From what a Father's law denies,  
 Let me in filial love refrain.
- 6 Care shall not enter then my breast,  
 Now to solicitude a prey ;  
 No bitter thought shall break my rest,  
 No danger then my sense dismay.
- 7 Welcome the moment that shall bring  
 A boon so earnestly desired !  
 And which from Thee alone must spring,  
 From whom all blessings are acquired.

P. M.

- 36 1 Oh ! how imperfect, blind, and false,  
 Does *that* faith to me appear,  
 Which from all moral law revolts,  
 And exhausts itself in prayer ;  
 That more its sanctity displays  
 In holy words than holy ways.
- 2 Know we not, from revelation,  
 What true piety dictates ?  
 Is not *Love* the best oblation  
 That its altar decorates ?

The love that with our neighbor shares,  
In brotherhood, life's joys and cares?

3 Benevolence, whose varied alms,  
Dealt alike by heart and hand,  
Now virtue's wounded spirit calms,  
Now relieves want's famished band,—  
Making an Eden oft to bloom,  
E'en amid desolation's gloom.

4 *Trust*, that firmly stands its trial  
With the arrow in its breast;  
Meek *forgiveness*, *self-denial*,  
*These* are Faith's sublimest test.  
Worship like this will supersede  
The *lip's* loud echo of her creed.

5 Oh! wherefore *Heaven's will* rehearse  
In a grave and measured tone,  
If the ungodly and perverse  
To *that* will prefer their own?  
And deem their sacred duties o'er  
When they in prayer their feelings pour?

6 Though precepts may be multiplied,  
Mercy's aim is not fulfilled;  
Earth must by us be beautified,  
Truth alone its shrines must build,—  
Uprooting thence corruption's weeds,  
To plant religion's purest seeds. P. M.

37 1 The heavens, Almighty! Thy glory declare,  
The earth with Thy riches abounds;  
Thy provident presence is felt everywhere,  
Thy name through all nature resounds.

- 2 Day showeth to day the pavilion of light  
 In which Thou hast made Thine abode ;  
 And night, breaking silence, extolleth to  
 night  
 The knowledge and power of God.
- 3 Thou canst not, O man ! 'neath the firma-  
 ment stand  
 With the fixed star of faith in thy breast,  
 Not lifting in homage thy heart and thy  
 hand,  
 His wisdom and truth to attest.
- 4 Yet think not in verbal devotion alone,  
 Thou hast all thy duty achieved ;  
 For prayer without *practice* ne'er reaches  
 the throne  
 From whence all thy gifts are received.
- 5 Thou canst not declare that the way is  
 unknown,  
 In which thou'rt required to walk ;  
 For never had pilgrim as true a guide-stone  
 As the tablet on Horeb's high rock.
- 6 Though feeble thy step, if thy *purpose* be  
 strong,  
 Life's journey directed by this,  
 Shall close without fear that the mem'ry of  
 wrong  
 Will cloud the soul's prospect of bliss.

P. M.

- 38 1 Lord, my Redeemer and my Rock !  
 Grant me Thy aid divine  
 To keep Thy judgments, and to walk  
 In truth's unerring line.

2 Thou, who hast charge of human kind,  
 Thy suppliant e'er save  
 From all that vitiates the mind,  
 Or may the heart deprave.

3 An infant's helplessness is mine,  
 When strong temptations rise,  
 And bid me heaven's hope resign  
 For some unhallowed prize.

4 Perhaps a plume from glory's wing,  
 A link from pleasure's chain,  
 A harp without *one* holy string,  
 For pure devotion's strain.

5 Alas! how poor is either meed  
 For an immortal soul;  
 Yet oft for these will it recede  
 From its celestial goal.

6 God of compassion! to Thy care  
 My spirit I commend;  
 Let it to Thee unblemished bear  
 The likeness Thou didst lend.

P. M.

## 5. IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

39 1 God of my fathers! merciful and just,  
 Who into being shaped this breathing dust,  
 Teach me its rebel passions to control,—  
 Pour Thy influence o'er my restless soul.

2 Teach me to look beyond the gloomy grave;  
 For Thou, O Father! still art nigh to save,  
 When rising from the dark and cheerless  
 tomb,  
 I'll walk with Thee in renovated bloom.

- 3 E'en at Thine altar as I bend the knee,  
My heart expands, my hopes increase in  
Thee;  
Aspiring man forgets that he is earth,  
And clings to Thee for an immortal birth.  
C. D. L. H.

- 40 1 When morning paints the eastern sky  
In rich and varied hues of light,  
Before Thy Throne, O Lord ! most high,  
Let *all* confess Thy pow'r and might.
- 2 When twilight's shadows gently fall,  
When evening's thousand stars appear,  
When midnight's gloom o'ershadows all,  
We'll think of Thee with hope and fear.
- 3 We seek Thee in the hour of joy,  
In sorrow bow before Thy will ;  
Thou canst life's feeble chords destroy,  
In death each pulse for ever still.
- 4 But Thou wilt still preserve the *soul*,  
When purified from earthly stain,  
When soaring to that heavenly goal,  
It seeks immortal life to gain. C. M. C.

- 41 1 A mournful lament for the dead !  
     Woe unto me ! it is gone ;  
     The delight of my heart is fled ;  
     My joy from earth is withdrawn.
- 2 Whither shall I, broken-hearted,  
     Find balsam for wounds so deep ?  
     Silent remain the departed,  
     My tears disturb not their sleep.



- 3 Thus e'er when the last angel calls,  
 Man wailleth around the tomb;  
 Thus ever when life's blossom falls,  
 Surrenders his soul to gloom.
- 4 Oh! would he turn *upward* the eye  
 Despair has fixed in the dust,  
 A voice would from thence fortify  
 His faith, his hope, and his trust.
- 5 Immoderate grief is unbelief;  
 Hear Omnipotence and heed!  
 If immortality's first leaf  
 Spring from Corruption's seed,
- 6 Why then in horror e'er recoil  
 From the mention of decay,  
 That hath no power to despoil  
 Aught beyond the breathing clay?
- 7 Think not my providence will cease  
 O'er my children in the grave;  
 Death, my messenger of peace,  
 Frees the soul my grace will save.
- 8 Thy God, thy Father, this proclaims,  
 Whose promise will ne'er deceive.  
 Then tremble not at empty names,  
 Ye who Mercy's word believe. P. M.

- 42 1 Though man of all the ruin hears  
 By time or tempest wrought;  
 One ray throughout all gloom appears  
 By hope from heaven brought.
- 2 For though the mighty waters shrink  
 From oceans into rills,

And nature's lofty bulwarks sink  
From mountains into hills ;

3 Though these, with many frailer things,  
Perish and pass away ;  
Faith to the holy promise clings,  
That triumphs o'er decay.

4 Man's spirit, by divine decree,  
The stroke of death defies ;  
And from the bonds of death set free,  
Immortal shall arise. P. M.

43 1 Through the valley of tears as we thought-  
fully stray,  
Where the wrecks of mortality lie ;  
Let the spirit of faith spring from dust and  
decay  
To Omnipotence throned in the sky.

2 The date of a star, (that bright firmament  
flower,)  
Is as brief in eternity's sphere,  
As the blossom that breathes out its life in  
an hour,  
Nevermore upon earth to appear.

3 With that region of infinite Glory compared,  
Where ages like moments take flight,  
The world seems a cell for man's dwelling  
prepared,  
Till his soul grows familiar with light.

4 Yea, the earth is a place of probation and  
pray'r,  
Wherein beggars for bounty divine,

Still their sorrows and wounds, to their  
 Father declare,  
 That His hand to relief may incline.

5 But in heaven the voice of petition shall  
 cease,  
 And loud praises for ever resound  
 To the merciful God, for the spirit's release  
 From the shackles by which it was bound.  
 P. M.

## 6. COMMEMORATION OF THE DEAD.

### PART FIRST.

44 1 O man ! frail child of finite pow'rs !  
 Nature, by changeless order,  
 Places thy cradle 'mid the flow'rs  
 That on the grave-yard border.  
 Though youth, while at play  
 In life's vernal ray,  
 Will not take for death's token  
 Blossoms withered and broken.

2 And truth from age to age repeats  
 At every pilgrim's portal :  
 Life as a shadow from thee fleets,  
 Remember, thou art mortal ;  
 Wake at that call, wild dreamer !  
 And, by its warning guided,  
 Be yet the wise redeemer  
 Of time to thee confided.  
 Woe ! fragile being of an hour,  
 Prey to annihilation's power.

- 3 But wherefore, man, in thy serenest mood,  
 When joy upon thee flashes,  
 Still minglest thou with songs of gratitude  
 Sad thoughts of dust and ashes?  
 Wilt thou no hint from frailer natures take?  
 From flowers, that at eve appear to die,  
 Yet 'neath the canopy of heaven wake  
 To greet God's morning messenger on  
 high?

## PART SECOND.

- 45 1 O Thou! who dwell'st in heights supernal,  
 God! self-existent and eternal!  
 What traveler shall reach Thy mountain?  
 What thirsting spirit taste Thy fountain?
- 2 Mortal! in thee resides the power,  
 Of gaining access unto each;  
 But he who would to heaven tower,  
 Must first the height of virtue reach;  
 Must see in holiness a beauty  
 Earth rivals not in all its bound;  
 Ne'er mock at truth, nor turn from duty  
 Idly to tread life's pleasure ground.  
 Then shall the recording angel render  
 Account of all thy righteous ways,  
 And crowning thee, reveal the splendor  
 Thy Father's blessed realm displays.
- 3 Woe! woe! to the immortal soul  
 That virtue's voice ne'er heeds,  
 When justice reads the roll  
 Of its ungodly deeds.

- 4 Joy to the pure and pious breast  
 That darkness never heedeth ;  
 With light from spheres celestial blest,  
 When life's last sun recedeth.
- 5 The soul religion trained from youth  
 To scorn the world's dominion,  
 Shall reach the native land of truth  
 With free and fearless pinion.
- 6 Triumph ? ye but escape a prison,  
 When death the vital chord doth sever ;  
 Triumph ! when mercy's star hath risen  
 To guide ye to your God for ever.  
 Triumph ! on eagle's wings ye tower  
 Up to eternity's bright portals ;  
 Triumph ! time hastens to the hour  
 That gives ye place with the immortals.
- 

## IV. RELATION BETWEEN GOD AND MAN.

### 1. REVELATION.

- 46 1 Let choral songs of gladness flow,  
 The Lord of hosts to praise ;  
 Who deigned on darkened minds to throw  
 The law's enlight'ning rays.
- 2 No plea hath Israel for crime ;  
 Since God's paternal grace  
 To him revealed those truths sublime,  
 Which time can ne'er efface.
- 3 Before our eyes then let us set  
 Our Father's bond of love ;

With praise repay our filial debt  
To Him who reigns above.

- 4 Let Sinai proudly lift her head  
Above the hills of earth ;  
For God thereon His glory shed  
At revelation's birth.
- 5 Exalt the Lord ! to whom we owe  
The first and latter rain,  
And dews from Mercy's fount that flow  
To bless the thirsty plain.
- 6 As those refreshing showers tend  
To fertilize the field ;  
Thy laws, O God ! our hearts amend,  
And virtue's harvest yield. P. M.

## 2. DIVINE LAW.

- 47 1 Lord ! when I hear Thy holy law,  
Its spirit let me comprehend,  
And meditate with silent awe  
On words that to salvation tend.
- 2 Oh ! far above the finest gold  
Thy testimonies I esteem ;  
These shall my faltering feet uphold,  
My steps from evil paths redeem.
- 3 To Thee will I my prayers address,  
The free-will offerings of my soul ;  
Guardian ! through life's dark wilderness,  
Do Thou my erring course control.
- 4 Oh ! let unblemished truth alone  
My heart and mind for e'er inspire ;

That I may, in its purest tone,  
Extol my gracious King and Sire. P. M.

### 3. RELIGION.

- 48 1 To smile when we on life's breakers are tost,  
And serenely its tempest survey ;  
To say, though the beacon of hope is lost,  
Mercy's star will direct our way :  
Such trust in trial's hour  
Springs from religion's pow'r.
- 2 At morn, with cheerful emotions to rise,  
Glorifying the Giver of rest ;  
Ne'er to let sleep our senses surprise,  
Ere the world's Benefactor is blest :  
Such is the righteous course  
Man's reason should enforce.
- 3 With high resolve in duty's path to tread,  
Though it may our fondest wish frustrate ;  
Nor ever by temptation to be led,  
Virtue's sacred laws to violate :  
Faith only nerves the soul  
To this great self-control.
- 4 To live in harmony with all mankind,  
Injuries with favors to requite ;  
To hold God's image in the heart enshrined,  
Nor by sin its purity to blight :  
This shall our peace insure,  
Now, and for evermore.
- 5 Undazzled by gold, by menace unmoved,  
One sole Being Supreme to cherish ;  
To be firm in the faith our fathers loved,  
Though for this as martyrs we perish :

To piety alone  
Such fortitude is known.

- 6 To make decay familiar to the mind,  
And in death God's messenger perceive,  
Who, when the mortal breath has been  
resigned,  
Will the soul to its Redeemer leave:  
What but religion can  
Reveal this gracious plan? P. M.

- 49 1 Remember, man! while thou art young,  
To turn thy heart towards the Lord,  
Ere sorrow hath thy bosom wrung,  
Or life hath "loosed its silver chord."
- 2 Spring hath its flowers,—youth its sweets,  
Cradled in both the canker lies;  
And when *one little* season fleets,  
Man's spirit droops—the blossom dies.
- 3 Ye triflers on the brink of time,  
Scorn not the sage and silver-haired,  
When they forewarn ye in your prime  
To be for evil days prepared.
- 4 Strong as ye are, shall ye not fall  
Down to the dust at God's decree?  
Proud as ye are, shall not the pall  
Mantle your frail mortality?
- 5 Praise the Creator, ere decay  
Your energies shall paralyze,  
Or darkness, in the latter day,  
Shall hide the heavens from your eyes.

P. M.



50 1 Blest are the enlight'ners of mankind,  
       Thrice blest the holy teacher,  
 Who, with a pure and patient mind,  
       Instructs his fellow-creature,—  
 Who, swayed by virtue's golden rule,  
       Would her precepts inculcate,  
 And in her chaste and godly school,  
       Erring spirits educate.

2 All are Thy ministers, O Lord !  
       Who, imprest with truth divine,  
 Speed the work, and speak the word  
       That shall make its light to shine,—  
 Who in flowers that blush below,  
       And in stars that beam above,  
 A glory and perfection show,  
       That to faith the heart must move.

3 All who, uprooting error's weeds,  
       Leave for moral culture room,  
 And with imperishable seeds,  
       Cause the barren mind to bloom,—  
 Interpreters of Heaven's law,  
       May its God their efforts guide,  
 And to celestial regions draw  
       Souls who thus have lived and died.

P. M.

PSALM CXLIV.

51 1 Lord ! what is man, that Thou should'st take  
       Account or knowledge of his ways?  
 Like shadows from the summer lake,  
       Briefly depart his measured days.

2 Yet, though but vanity and dust,  
       Oh ! hear Thy worshiper sincere.

Who now appeals with humble trust,  
That Thou wilt grant his earnest prayer.

3 Through the world may Israel's youth,  
Like branches of some goodly tree.  
Enlightened by the rays of truth.  
Flourish in grace and dignity.

4 Dispersed in many climes and zones,  
May Judah's sprightly daughters be  
Polished, as are the corner-stones.  
In palaces of royalty.

5 May these, above all earthly fame.  
The favor of their God esteem,  
And merit that distinguished name,  
The chosen race of the Supreme. P. M.

#### 4. DUTIES TOWARDS GOD.

##### 1. ACQUISITION OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE LORD.

52 1 Glory not in a gift so vain  
As worldly knowledge, ye discreet!  
Whose stream, like the treacherous main,  
Rolls onward awhile to retreat.  
But wisdom by faith purified  
Is light radiating afar,  
And love for your heavenly Guide  
Its brightest and loveliest star.

2 Glory not, O ye that are strong!  
For on dust your vigor is based;  
Strength only to him can belong  
Whose spirit by virtue is braced,

'Gainst passions that nature disturb,  
*This, this* is man's moral resource;  
 No power their progress to curb  
 Resides in corporeal force.

- 3 Glory not! ye rich in your gold!  
 More brittle is this than the reed;  
 Beware! lest its glittering mould  
 The pathway to heaven impede.  
 True honor it can ne'er impart,  
 Nor solace in sorrow afford;  
 Rather pray for a guileless heart,  
 That trustingly turns to its Lord.
- 4 Glory in wisdom that augments  
 Your knowledge of a God supreme,  
 Who will, as virtue's recompense,  
 Man's spirit from the grave redeem.  
 Glory in energy of soul,  
 That truth's assailants will oppose,  
 And with a mighty self-control,  
 Crush all religion's bosom foes.
- 5 There is a wealth of words in prayer,  
 Though poor the suppliant may be,  
 And themes for many volumes rare,  
 In every work of God ye see.  
 Yours be the gold that never frets,  
 The wisdom-star that never wanes;  
 The honor that remembers debts  
 Due to the Source of all your gains.

## 2. OBEDIENCE TO THE WILL OF GOD.

## GENESIS, CHAP. I.

- 53 1 Formless and void creation stood,  
     The deep in darkness lay ;  
 When from Thy spirit, Lord ! the flood  
     Borrowed a quick'ning ray.
- 2 Light from the gates of heaven beamed  
     On flower, herb, and fruit ;  
 Each element with tenants teemed.  
     Fish, reptile, bird, and brute.
- 3 A glowing firmament was seen  
     The waters to divide,  
 Whose lustrous orbs seemed links between  
     Earth's pilgrim and his Guide.
- 4 A thousand witnesses appeared,  
     God's love to testify ;  
 Mountains and hills His might declared,  
     And bowed as He passed by.
- 5 Man by the tree of knowledge stood,  
     Master of all around ;  
 And woman, in her softest mood,  
     The gifts of mercy crowned.
- 6 They sin, they fall,—oh ! weep and pray,  
     That, tempted, ye may turn  
 From all forbidden things away,  
     Nor God's displeasure earn
- 7 By doubts of His almighty word  
     Or His all-perfect ways ;  
 But, firm in faith, obey the Lord,  
     And all His judgments praise.     P. M.

## JOB, CHAP. IX.

54 1 Oh! how shall man with God contend,  
 Mighty in strength and wise of heart?  
 Or hope to prosper in his end,  
 Who blindly plays so bold a part?

2 Frail, finite mortal! shall I stand  
 In judgment with the King of kings.  
 Who can the rising sun command  
 To gather up His golden wings;

3 Conceal his light, his course arrest;  
 Seal up the stars; the heavens spread;  
 Move mountains from their place of rest:  
 And on the waves of ocean tread?

4 Should I my righteousness rehearse,  
 Or boast my constant rectitude?  
 What perfect seemed, might prove perverse,  
 When by the eye of Heaven viewed.

5 I will not reason or reply,  
 But supplicate the Judge Supreme.  
 My soul with hope to fortify,  
 That I may bless His holy name. P. M.

55 1 Though sorrows may be multiplied,  
 And cares around thee throng,  
 In Israel's Guardian still confide,  
 And lift thy voice in song.

2 Wilt thou on gold or glory dote.  
 Or covet pomp and power?  
 Bubbles that on life's current float,  
 To break in one brief hour?

3 Though health and competence be thine,  
 And peace thy portion crown,  
 Will thine ungrateful spirit pine  
 To reach at high renown ?

4 As well might stars rebellious turn  
 From their allotted spheres,  
 Ambitious of the solar urn,  
 More bright and vast than theirs.

5 Oh ! not to *question* but *obey*  
 The great Creator's word,  
 Was intellect's transcendent ray  
 On human dust conferred.

6 *Praise* is the noble privilege  
 On man alone bestowed ;  
 Redeem, immortal soul, thy pledge,  
 Extol the living God.

P. M.

## GENESIS, CHAP. XXVII.

56 1 Deep silence reigned in Isaac's tent,  
 His voice was faint, his vigor spent,  
 Dim were his eyes, for death was near,  
 He spoke, and Esau bowed to hear :

2 Away, my first-born, to the field !  
 Thy quiver take, thy weapons wield ;  
 And let thy filial hand supply  
 Sweet nutriment before I die.

3 That life to God I'll soon resign,  
 Once ransomed from Moriah's shrine ;  
 Blest shalt thou be, e'er I depart.  
 Child of my heritage and heart.

- 4 Cheered is the dying patriarch,  
But age hath made his sense too dark  
To heed the bold supplanter's lure.  
His primal blessing to secure:
- 5 Earth's fatness and the dews of heav'n,  
To thee, young Israel! are given:  
No portion can the prophet's word  
To Edom promise, but the sword.
- 6 Too late he mourns his lost birthright,  
Contemned through carnal appetite:  
Omnipotence decrees this fate,  
His outraged laws to vindicate.
- 7 Such is the lot the frail deserve.  
Who unto idol worship swerve,  
The favor of some heart to win.  
Sunk like itself in mortal sin.
- 8 Strengthen me, Lord! with moral power  
Safely to pass temptation's hour;  
Nor let me ever lightly prize  
• Aught that Thy wisdom sanctifies. P. M.

### 3. FAITH IN GOD.

- 57 1 I weep not now as once I wept,  
At fortune's strokes severe;  
Since faith hath to my bosom crept,  
And placed a buckler there.
- 2 Lightly upon this holy shield  
Falls sorrow's thorny rod,  
And he who wears it learns to yield  
Submissively to God.

- 3 It breaks the force of ev'ry dart  
 By disappointment hurled  
 Against the shrinking human heart,  
 In this cold, callous world.
- 4 Wrestling with this, I have defied  
 All that my peace assailed ;  
 Passion subdued hath turned aside,  
 And sin before it quailed.
- 5 How many wounds would now be mine,  
 How many pangs intense !  
 But for the shield of faith divine,  
 My spirit's strong defence.
- 6 Oh ! when in prayer my hands I lift  
 To Thee, Almighty God !  
 The excellence of this Thy gift,  
 With fervor will I laud. P. M.

- 58 1 O God ! to Thy paternal grace,  
 That ne'er its bounty measures,  
 All gifts Thy grateful children trace,  
 That constitutes life's pleasures. •
- 2 Light, being, liberty, and joy,  
 All, all to Thee are owing :  
 Nor can another hand destroy  
 Blessings of Thy bestowing.
- 3 None, save our own ; for in man's heart  
 Such passions are secreted,  
 That peace affrighted weeps apart,  
 To see Thy aim defeated.
- 4 *Light* is made dim by human guile,  
*Existence* doth but languish. •



And *freedom* loses her bright smile  
 'Mid scenes of strife and anguish.

5 Father ! though forfeited by sin  
 Are all Thy tender mercies ;  
 There is a *trusting faith* within  
 That ev'ry fear disperses.

6 Honor and praise to Thee belong,  
 O God of our salvation !  
 Who will defend from shame and wrong  
 Thy first elected nation.

7 Protector of the quick and dead !  
 Thy love *this world* o'erfloweth ;  
 And, when the "vital spark" hath fled,  
 Eternal life bestoweth. P. M.

#### PSALM XXXVII.

59 1 Let thy heart forever delight in the Lord,  
 Though its purity malice assaileth ;  
 For naught that detractors may breathe or  
 record  
 Against innocence ever prevaieth.

2 The slanderer's shaft on himself shall recoil,  
 By the heavenly Father reverted ;  
 Whose hand cutteth down the green herb  
 to the soil,  
 And the being that justice perverted.

3 Fret not thyself when prosperity bringeth  
 Treasures untold to the proud and unjust ;  
 Righteousness over their sepulchres  
 singeth :  
 " Gold cannot ransom the soul from the  
 dust."

- 4 From evil depart; let wrath be forsaken;  
 Meekness and truth God's blessings  
 shall merit,  
 Let poverty's plaint thy pity awaken,  
 Thou, who the gifts of earth wouldst  
 inherit.
- 5 Awhile the transgressor may seem to tower  
 Like a green bay-tree in the genial ray;  
 But his seed shall perish in life's first hour,  
 And his land to strangers shall pass  
 away.
- 6 Oh! follow the perfect man—mark the  
 upright,  
 For to him salvation and peace belong;  
 His judgments are clear as meridian light,  
 And the branch of his root shall flourish  
 long. P. M.

## PSALM XXXVIII.

- 60 1 Rebuke me not nor chasten me,  
 In Thy displeasure, Lord!  
 But let a frail transgressor be  
 To virtue's path restored.
- 2 My heart like grass is withered up,  
 Sorrow my strength destroys;  
 Sin's bitter drop within my cup,  
 Life's sparkling draught alloys.
- 3 In vain my spirit seeks repose  
 From all its worldly cares;  
 Mine adversaries round me close,  
 They compass me with snares.

- 4 My friends and kinsmen stand aloof,  
 And mock me from afar :  
 My soul, untouched by their reproof,  
 Turns to its guiding Star.
- 5 For with unbroken trust will I  
 In Thee, my God ! confide,  
 Who deigns the meek to dignify,  
 The arrogant to chide. P. M.

## 4. HOPE IN GOD.

## PSALM CXXI.

- 61 1 I lift mine eyes unto the hills,  
 And to the boundless sky,  
 Thro' all life's sad and varied ills,  
 Our help is from on high.
- 2 The heavenly King, who e'er shall be,  
 In might eternal reigns ;  
 When sorrow's darts encompass me,  
 He every hope sustains.
- 3 The burning rays of noon-tide sun,  
 Shall smite me not by day ;  
 And while the evil path I shun,  
 God will protect my way.
- 4 On every side *He* is my shade,  
 And still preserves my soul ;  
 His greatness ever is displayed  
 Thro' years that onward roll.
- 5 From this time, and for evermore,  
 His mercy mildly beams ;  
 Lord ! lead me to that heavenly shore,  
 Where peace eternal gleams. C. M. C.

- 62 1 Though I from kindred meet but scorn,  
 And am by parents left forlorn :  
 Still my heart, absolved from wrong,  
 Lifts to God its grateful song.
- 2 Thy countenance, celestial Sire !  
 With courage shall my soul inspire,  
 Meekly man's contempt to bear,  
 And all worldly woe and care.
- 3 Mark *him*\* from whom all Israel sprang ;  
 Keenly he feels the parting pang,  
 When from kindred far removed,  
 And from childhood's home beloved.
- 4 Then was the angel's ladder brought  
 Before the dreaming exile's thought,  
 Which the righteous soul might teach  
 How the throne of God to reach.
- 5 From base to summit, the blest youth  
 Beheld progressive steps to truth,  
 Beaming with immortal bands  
 That reveal their Maker's plans.
- 6 These to the sleeper heaven ope,  
 Whence issue thrilling words of hope :  
 "Son of man ! I am with thee  
 Wheresoever thou mayst flee."
- 7 And is not God's paternal tone  
 To Jacob's chosen offspring known ?  
 Is there no celestial gate  
 To the *House* we consecrate ?

\* Genesis, chap. xxvii. 10, 17.

- 8 Devotion *here* a ladder rears,  
 Whose golden steps are guileless prayers;  
 These will the angel-forms disclose,  
 When the soul here seeks repose.
- 9 Therefore in filial trust will I  
 To Thee, my God, in sorrow fly:  
 If, though wounded and forlorn,  
 In my heart guilt hides no thorn. P. M.

## PSALM XLII. V. 11.

- 63 1 "Why art thou cast down, my soul?"  
 Does not a God in heaven reign,  
 And each human lot control,  
 Whether with pleasure fraught or pain?  
 Will He not life's bark conduct,  
 Tho' darkness hides the treach'rous shoal  
 That thy passage would obstruct?  
 "Why art thou cast down, my soul?"
- 2 "Why art thou disquieted?"  
 Terror *his* bosom agitates  
 Who in sin has rioted,  
 And Heaven's wrath anticipates;  
 But he whose breast is free from guilt.  
 Undaunted hears His thunders roll,  
 His trust on grace divine is built:  
 What disquiets thee, my soul?
- 3 "Oh! forever hope in God!"  
 Who has countless suns created,  
 And enamelled earth's green sod  
 By their beams illuminated;—  
 Who from ruin joy can bring  
 To the believer's blest abode,

And make the mourner's heart to sing :  
 "Oh ! forever hope in God."

- 4 "Thou shalt praise and thank Him yet !"  
 Joyfully to *Him* confessing,  
 Thou in *seeming* blight hast met  
 Oft a parent's *real* blessing,—  
 Him who, on the grave's dark brink.  
 Has salvation's fountain set,  
 That each godly soul may drink :  
 "Thou shalt praise and thank *Him* yet."

- 5 "My support and help art Thou,"  
 Lord ! when clouds of sadness lower,  
 Rock of my defence art Thou,  
 O gracious God ! in peril's hour.  
 Star to star and deep to deep  
 Thy providence do e'er avow :  
 My song with theirs shall concert keep ;  
 "My support and help art Thou."

P. M.

- 64 1 When grief on the heart has weighed  
 Till its finest chords are hushed,  
 And feelings that hope once swayed,  
 By clamorous cares are crushed :  
 Remember, God most prizes  
 Those whom His rod chastises.

- 2 When man no respite taketh  
 From trouble, pain, or sorrow,  
 But from brief slumber waketh  
 To toils and cares each morrow :  
 To God if he still turneth,  
 His trust God's blessing earneth.

- 3 When, by the world neglected,  
 Alone thou bravest dangers;  
 When those thy heart selected,  
 From friends are changed to strangers:  
 Look! lorn pilgrim, look above  
 For better life and stronger love.
- 4 And oh! when death advances,  
 Tremble not at the vision,  
 But meet with smiling glances,  
 That *angel of transition*,  
 Whose scythe the fetter cleaveth,  
 That thy bruised spirit grieveth. P. M.

## 5. LOVE OF GOD.

- 65 1 Oh! love the Lord with all thy *heart*;  
 Its best affections sacrifice,  
 Rather than from *His* law depart,  
 Who is most holy, just, and wise.
- 2 Oh! love the Lord with all thy *soul*,  
 Which bears a principle divine,  
 That shall beyond its human goal  
 Among angelic natures shine.
- 3 Oh! love the Lord with all thy *might*;  
 For He has made thy spirit strong,  
 Firmly to wrestle for the right,  
 And fearlessly resist the wrong.
- 4 Oh! love the Lord! to *Him* devote  
 Thy time, thy treasure, and thy thought;  
 Let these each holy scheme promote,  
 By which salvation may be wrought.

- 5 Oh ! love the Lord ! who, from thy birth  
 To life's last moment, naught denies,  
 And after death commands the earth  
 To yield the spirit to the skies. P. M.

#### 6. GRATITUDE TOWARDS GOD.

- 66 1 With ardent love and reverence deep,  
 We bow before Thee, gracious Lord ;  
 Whose marvels we in memory keep,  
 Whose mercies on our hearts record ;  
 And with a fervent gratitude,  
 Praise Thee for gifts each day renewed.
- 2 For that *first* life, from dust created,  
 Which, though fragile as the flowers,  
 By Thine own image animated,  
 O'er the dust in triumph towers :  
 For bounties every day renewed,  
 Father ! accept our gratitude.
- 3 For verdant earth for ever teeming  
 With beautiful and balmy forms ;  
 For light, from star and planet streaming,  
 Whose glow all nature cheers and warms :  
 For blessings every day renewed,  
 Father ! accept our gratitude.
- 4 For memory's amazing powers.  
 Long buried treasures to restore,  
 And make felicity's dead flowers  
 Bloom in her atmosphere once more :  
 For blessings every day renewed,  
 Father ! accept our gratitude.
- 5 For *conscience*, every thought arresting,  
 Its purity to scrutinize ;



By virtue's moral standard testing  
 The good or ill that in it lies :  
 For bounties every day renewed,  
 Father ! accept our gratitude.

- 6 But chiefly for that love paternal  
 Which for Thy children hath ordained  
 A *second* life in realms eternal,  
 If faith on earth their souls sustained :  
 For an existence thus renewed,  
 O God ! accept our gratitude. P. M.

67 1 To man with reason's gift endued,  
 The pleasing task pertains,  
 Of pouring forth his gratitude  
 In pure and pious strains.

- 2 Lo ! how the branches of a tree  
 Back to its root convey  
 The sap that gave vitality  
 To blossom, fruit, and spray.

- 3 From mute, external nature, then,  
 A gentle lesson learn ;  
 With filial love, ye sons of men.  
 Parental care return.

- 4 Let gratitude within each breast  
 Exert its high control ;  
 Its presence, like an angel guest,  
 Shall sanctify the soul.

- 5 Canst thou, O Jeshurun ! forget  
 Thy Benefactor's claim ?  
 The God who o'er all others set  
 Thy nation, faith and name ?

- 6 Oh! let us in His praise unite.  
 Who gave with liberal hand  
 Life, liberty, and moral light.  
 His law to understand.

P. M.

## 7. SUBMISSION TO THE WILL OF GOD.

- 68 1 God Supreme! to Thee I pray.  
 Let my lips be taught to say,  
 Whether good or ill may flow,  
 Hallelujah, be it so!
- 2 What Thy wisdom may dictate  
 Let Thy servant vindicate;  
 Though it may my hopes o'erthrow,  
 Hallelujah, be it so!
- 3 Friends may falsify my trust,  
 Kindred also prove unjust,  
 Wound my heart and chill its glow,—  
 Hallelujah, be it so!
- 4 Health and comfort may decline,  
 Why at this should I repine?  
 Both to Thee, my God, I owe,  
 Hallelujah, be it so!
- 5 When by disappointment stung,  
 Hard it is for human tongue  
 Still to say, though tears may flow,  
 Hallelujah, be it so!
- 6 Yet, from Mercy's aid shall spring  
 Strength of spirit still to sing  
 'Mid bereavement, pain, and woe.  
 Hallelujah, be it so!

P. M.

- 69 1 Oh! that on morning's dewy wings  
       I from the world might flee away;  
 And thus escape the bosom-stings  
       Fate may inflict some future day.
- 2 And is it virtue's part to shrink  
       From aught that Heaven may ordain?  
 Shall man, the first and brightest link  
       In animated nature's chain,
- 3 Accept the gifts of grace divine,  
       Yet murmur at the mingled ill?  
 Nor patiently his soul resign  
       To God's unalterable will?
- 4 Mortal! thy impious wish recall,  
       Thy spirit arm with fortitude;  
 Let *guilt alone* thy breast appal,  
       Tho' thorns be in thy pathway strewed.
- 5 Prostrate thyself before the Lord,  
       Ask not from pain or woe to fly;  
 But that He will that strength accord  
       Which triumphs o'er calamity. P. M.

- 70 1 Draw nigh, O Lord! unto my soul;  
       Compassionate and kind,  
 Thou only canst the grief control  
       Within its depths confined.
- 2 How long, how deeply I have mourned,  
       No human tongue can tell;  
 For from a heartless world I turned  
       To weep but *not rebel*.
- 3 No! ne'er have I, with lip profane,  
       Presumed to ask my God

Why I the bitter cup should drain,  
 Why writhe beneath the rod.

4 The hand of Mercy well I knew  
 No burthen would impose,  
 That man's endurance could subdue,  
 If faith her aid bestows.

5 Crushed are my hopes, my kindred gone  
 Before me to the tomb;  
 And Thou *alone*, most Holy One,  
 Canst dissipate my gloom.

6 The arrow in my bosom lies;  
 But stricken hearts have learned.  
 That oft to "blessings in disguise,"  
 Misfortunes have been turned. P. M.

71 1 I wept when from my eager grasp,  
 The hollow toys of fortune fell;  
 Nor would *that Holy Book* unclasp,  
 Where purer, brighter treasures dwell.

2 There came another heavy stroke,—  
 Those I loved from earth departed:  
 Yet were the words religion spoke  
 Lost upon the broken-hearted.

3 I dared *that* Providence distrust,  
 From whom calamities had flowed:  
 Forgetting, as I bowed to dust,  
 Whose hand *past blessings* had bestowed.

4 But suddenly, as from a dream,  
 Humbled and self-rebuked I woke:  
 My spirit then saw Mercy's beam.  
 And heard the words that wisdom spoke.

- 5 How long wilt thou, O child of clay !  
 Thy Maker's frown in trials see ?  
 Nor mark His smile in every ray  
 That brightens thy prosperity ?
- 6 I wept again ; but blest the rod  
 Against whose chast'ning I rebelled,  
 And praised, with equal zeal, my God  
 For what He gave and what withheld.

P. M.

- 72 1 O Thou ! in whom the power dwells  
 To heal or wound, to save or slay,  
 Whose hand alone the mandate seals  
 That hastens or arrests decay.—  
 Let me, with pious fortitude,  
 Thy dispensations justify,  
 And in each great vicissitude,  
 With perfect faith on Thee rely.
- 2 Oh ye ! who have consigned to dust  
 Some darling object of your care,  
 Fail not in Heaven still to trust,  
 Whose Mercy will your loss repair ;  
 Nor let the bitter cup in vain  
 Be tendered to your trembling lips :  
 For God, with beneficial pain,  
 Thus of its pride the spirit strips.
- 3 Mortals presume to call their own  
 Blessings vouchsafed by grace divine :  
 Not as a *gift* but as a *loan*,  
 Father ! will I consider mine.  
 And when Thou willest to recall  
 All that on earth I love the best.  
 Before Thy footstool I will fall,  
 And bow to Thy supreme behest.

- 4 The messengers of death surround  
 Alike the palace and the cot ;  
 Nor king, nor vassal can be found  
 Who shall escape the common lot.  
 Let mighty conquerors declare,  
 If they can with disease contend,  
 Nor in their final struggle share  
 The pangs that meaner bosoms rend.
- 5 Pilgrims ! whose aggregate of days,  
 With vast eternity compared,  
 But as a fleeting moment weighs,  
 For the last hour be prepared ;  
 Wrestle with sin, watch, worship, praise,  
 And glorify the Lord your God,  
 Who shall to life eternal raise  
 The saints that sleep beneath the sod.

P. M.

- 73 1 "Affliction cometh not from dust,  
 Nor trouble from the ground ;"  
 But from a Source all-wise and just,  
 A God with mercy crowned.
- 2 The heavy hand from heaven came.  
 That on thy heart is pressed ;  
 But, oh ? remember 'tis the same  
 By which thou oft art blessed.
- 3 Hast thou, in looking o'er the list  
 Of friends and kindred dear,  
 The names of many loved and missed,  
 That were but lately there ?
- 4 O, selfish mourner ! weep no more  
 For spirits disenthralled,  
 For those who mortals were before,  
 But now are angels called.

- 5 Wouldst thou, who standest on the brink  
 Of the sepulchral sod,  
 To suff'ring clay those souls relink  
 That have escaped to God ?
- 6 Rather than *lower* these to thee,  
 Let faith exalt thy mind,  
 In death God's delegate to see,  
 Who will the severed bind.
- 7 All terror from thy thought dismiss :  
 For on *His* wings alone  
 The righteous leave the grave's abyss,  
 To reach their Father's throne. P. M.

- 74 1 Healer of the wounded heart !  
 Hearer of the mourner's prayer !  
 Fortitude to me impart,  
 Life's vicissitudes to bear.
- 2 Let me be possessed alone  
 Of the wealth that wisdom yields,  
 Such as leads to Heaven's throne,  
 Such as virtue's stamp reveals.
- 3 What is knowledge but the light  
 From Omnipotence derived ?  
 Truth, by whose reflection bright,  
 Faith and hope are e'er revived ?
- 4 Grant, O Lord ! above all gifts  
 Understanding may be mine,  
 Such as human nature lifts  
 Up to that which is divine.
- 5 Then what mercy hath decreed  
 Will be rightly understood :

That no heart is doomed to bleed  
 But for some determined good. P. M.

- 75 1 Lord! let Thy countenance now shine  
 Upon Thy creature's clouded sense;  
 That I my spirit may resign  
 To all Thou wilt to dispense.
- 2 That, struggling in the depths of woe,  
 I may not to despondence yield;  
 But, while affliction's waters flow,  
 Praise my Redeemer, Rock, and Shield.
- 3 Let sorrow to my stricken heart,  
 Through faith, be ever sanctified;  
 Let grief perform an angel's part,  
 And unto Thee the mourner guide.
- 4 Alas! what fragile props indeed  
 Doth human nature rest upon;  
 Its staff is but a broken reed,  
 By death in one brief hour withdrawn.
- 5 Draw nigh to me, O gracious God!  
 No more let my affections cleave  
 To earth's frail idols, which the sod  
 Is ever open to receive.
- 6 Sire, eternal and supreme!  
 To Thee my trembling voice I raise,  
 Praying Thou wilt with mercy's beam  
 Enlighten all my future ways. P. M.

76 1 Despond not, O my heart!  
 But firmly bear thy part  
 In life's severe probation;



The path by virtue trod,  
Though rugged, leads to God,  
My Rock and my Salvation.

2 Banish thy secret grief,  
Earth's pilgrimage is brief,  
Its turmoils evanescent ;  
And when the flesh decays,  
God's word the hope conveys,  
Of happiness incessant.

3 The innocent shrink not  
From their appointed lot ;  
But, in the deepest sorrow,  
Believe that heaven's light  
Follows fate's starless night,  
To gild the unborn morrow.

4 Lord ! though my cares increase,  
Oh ! grant me inward peace  
And pious resignation ;  
Let all I may endure,  
Render my spirit pure,  
And worthy of salvation.

P. M.

77 1 Many are the pains and sorrows  
Life has yet for me in store ;  
But from faith my spirit borrows  
Strength, its trials to endure.  
Through darkest clouds bright sunbeams  
break ;  
Lord ! Thou wilt not Thy child forsake !

2 Though falsehood, with envenomed dart,  
May my innocence assail,

It cannot long affect my heart,  
 Shielded by religion's mail,  
 Nor thence the sweet conviction take,  
 God ne'er will virtue's cause forsake.

3 Though all I love and cherish sink  
 Prematurely in the grave,  
 In woe I will not cease to think :  
 Mercy smiteth but to save.  
 The dead will in God's kingdom wake ;  
 The living He will not forsake.

4 Though death in frightful form appear,  
 'Gainst my life to lift his scythe,  
 My mind shall triumph over fear,  
 Though the frailer flesh may writhe.  
 Its perfect trust this cannot shake ;  
 The faithful God will not forsake.

5 Omnipotent ! *Thou art with me*  
 In tears and tribulation ;  
 Creator ! *I submit to Thee*  
 In every dispensation.  
 My soul Thy essence doth partake ;  
*This, Father ! Thou wilt not forsake.*

P. M.

78 1 When I would smile, remembrance brings  
 A thousand sad and bitter things,  
 Vexations, crosses, wrongs and woes,  
 That blighted hope and broke repose.  
 Heavenly Sire ! Holy One !  
 When shall I say, Thy will be done !

2 I mourned for one who, like a twin,  
 Shared every thought that passed within ;

"Oh! would that I might die for thee,"  
 Was echoed in my agony.  
 Heavenly Sire! Holy One!  
 I *should* have said, Thy will be done!

3 Time brought me to the Lord, my Shield,  
 Whose help my wounds had scarcely healed,  
 When suff'rings, various and deep,  
 Destroyed my health and banished sleep;  
 Heavenly Sire! Holy One!  
 My words were not, Thy will be done!

4 I saw my kindred's fortunes changed,  
 The feelings of my friends estranged;  
 In silence I was doomed to grieve  
 O'er wants my hand could not relieve.  
 Heavenly Sire! Holy One!  
 I said not yet, Thy will be done!

5 How weak in faith must I have been:  
 How led by sorrow into sin,  
 In trial ne'er to recognise  
 The seraph mercy in disguise.  
 Heavenly Sire! Holy One!  
 My *heart* now says, Thy will be done!

P. M.

79 1 God of the universe! unfailing friend  
 Of all who meekly at Thy footstool bend,  
 In pious gratitude for blessings gained,  
 Or resignation to the ills ordained,—

2 Oh! grant me firmness in the hour of woe,  
 To bless the being who has dealt the blow;  
 And in the furnace, with unceasing prayer,  
 Avert the evil promptings of despair.

- 3 Hast 'Thou withdrawn the authors of my  
birth?  
Recalled my dearest kindred from the earth?  
'Though nature may her tearful tribute claim,  
Still let the voice of faith exalt Thy name.
- 4 God of the universe ! at Thy command,  
The sun himself and all the starry band  
Shall, like the human frame, at last decay,  
Nor leave, from globes dissolved, one  
ling'ring ray.
- 5 All, all must perish by progressive blight,  
Or sudden failure of the vital light ;  
What unction then shall be to mourners left,  
Of their *material* treasures thus bereft ?
- 6 *Graven on rocks with pen of diamond point,*  
Are words that shall like balm their wounds  
anoint :  
The soul of man o'er ruined worlds shall  
spring,  
And with immortal hosts Thy glories sing.  
P. M.

- 80 1 Frail, feeble, inefficient man !  
In one thing only art thou strong ;  
In *will*, to thwart thy Maker's plan,  
In *deed*, to execute the wrong.
- 2 Unreal glory and false shame,  
By turns thy heart and mind divide ;  
The *first* is found in wealth or fame,  
The *last* is only wounded pride.
- 3 The just who doth the poor redress,  
Below the judge corrupt is placed ;

And friends untitled please thee less  
Than strangers that with rank are graced.

4 The majesty of mortal kings,  
To thee is ever sanctified ;  
Yet from thy lips arraignment springs  
Of God, who doth o'er all preside.

5 O shallow worldling ! when they smite,  
In silence thou receivest the blow ;  
Yet questionst thy Creator's right  
The stroke corrective to bestow.

6 Thou dar'st not in familiar tone  
To princes of *this* world appeal ;  
And yet upon the great Unknown  
Call lightly in thy woe or weal.

7 The Lord's anointed is not he  
Who in a robe of state appears ;  
It is the pious, pure and free,  
Whose *spirit* virtue's ermine wears.

8 Frail, feeble, inefficient man !  
Oh pray ! that thou may'st be ever strong  
In *will*, to prosecute God's plan,  
In *deed*, for e'er to shun the wrong. P. M.

81 1 My God ! my God ! to Thee I cling  
In sorrow's trying hour ;  
Solace from Thee alone must spring,  
Blest and benignant Power !

2 I know there's mercy in the stroke  
That bows me to the dust,  
It frees me from my worldly yoke,  
And wakens self-distrust.

- 3 I feel that faith her tower builds  
     On life's most dreary spot ;  
 Her beam the couch of suff'ring gilds,  
     And cheers the darkest lot.
- 4 The wounds that from Thy hand divine,  
     In meekness we receive,  
 The spirit will at last refine,  
     And without blemish leave.
- 5 Boast not, O man ! that thou art free  
     From salutary pain,  
 Which well-endured will prove to thee  
     A glory and a gain. P. M.

## 5. DUTIES TOWARDS OURSELVES.

### 1. SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

- 82 1 While man explores, with curious eye,  
     The works of nature and of art,  
 He passeth *real* wisdom by,  
     Nor cares to read the human heart.
- 2 A stranger to himself alone,  
     He walketh forth in worldly guise ;  
 Nor wouldst thou in his lofty tone  
     The child of frailty recognize.
- 3 Yet pause, O man ! in thy career,  
     And search the chambers of thy soul ;  
 For passions dark and deep are there,  
     That spurn at reason's weak control.
- 4 A thirst for blood, for gold, for fame.  
     Pollutes thee, yet thou know'st it not :  
 Because it borrows glory's name,  
     And sheds false lustre on thy lot.

- 5 Seek piety—self-knowledge seek,  
*Their* guidance ask to virtue's road :  
 On thee will Heaven's light then break,  
 And thou wilt know and bless thy God.  
 P. M.

## 2. SELF-EXAMINATION.

- 83 1 Descend into thyself, my soul !  
 And ask religion's aid  
 To search thy chambers and control  
 The passions there arrayed.
- 2 E'en from the cradle to the grave,  
 God heareth frailty's cry ;  
 Nor can the voice of reason crave  
 What Mercy will deny.
- 3 Oh ! ever prone is mortal man  
 To self-deceit and sin ;  
 And he who would reform his plan,  
 Must turn his eye within.
- 4 For often vice, with specious art,  
 Will virtue's tone affect,  
 Deceive the sense, deprave the heart,  
 And riot there unchecked.
- 5 Then firmly watch and freely probe  
 The slightest moral wound,  
 And boldly rend deception's robe  
 That hides what is unsound.
- 6 Long hast Thou taught Thy servant, Lord !  
 That trust and timely prayer  
 Will to the spirit strength afford.  
 Such discipline to bear.
- 7 The balm that heals the sinner's hurt  
 Springs from a source divine ;

O God ! regard not my desert,  
But let that balm be mine.

P. M.

- 84 1 Why, O heedless mortal ! dost thou fly  
So lightly o'er life's rapid stream.  
While its shores are briefly passing by,  
Like the dim shadows of a dream ?  
Can thy spirit be a stranger,  
To that current's depth and danger ?
- 2 Why, O child of pride ! wilt thou not pause,  
Earth's tangled pathway to explore ?  
On to ruin *that* bold pilgrim draws,  
Who in his own strength rests secure :  
Nor by self-investigation  
Arms his senses 'gainst temptation.
- 3 Daily of myself should I inquire :  
Have I fulfilled my being's end ?  
Is it e'er my heart's supreme desire,  
With heaven all its thoughts to blend ?  
Ah ! woe is me ! I dare not say  
Earth does not lead them far astray.
- 4 Have I in that first law delighted,  
Which doth false gods to man forbid ?  
Or, while my lip that law recited,  
Within my breast some idol hid ?  
Oh ! that I could in truth declare :  
*One* God alone is graven there !
- 5 Precepts to brotherhood pertaining,  
Have I implicitly observed ?  
Or my poor neighbor's love disdaining.  
From God's paternal mandate swerved ?  
Oh ! that I might indeed respond :  
I have not broken nature's bond.



- 6 When felicity was changed to woe,  
 Did I still glorify my God?  
 Or was faith, that man should ne'er forego,  
 Relax'd beneath His chast'ning rod?  
 Alas! my frail and feeble mind  
 Forgot *past* blessings, and repined.
- 7 Lord! let this self-examination,  
 Answered fore'er in truthful tone,  
 Lead to the perfect reformation  
 Of sin, to which my soul is prone,  
 And fit it in a future state  
 With angels to associate. P. M.

- 85 1 In glory, Lord! dost Thou appear,  
 And we the call of angels hear,  
 The holy praise of Thy great name,  
 With pious rapture thus proclaim:  
 Hallelujah!
- 2 If in palaces we abide,  
 Or in rude cottages reside,  
 Among life's flowers or its weeds,  
 Still let us strew devotion's seeds.  
 Hallelujah!
- 3 Deep in the heart let virtues dwell,  
 Like pearls within a mortal shell;  
 What purer gems for age or youth  
 Than meekness, innocence, and truth?  
 Hallelujah!
- 4 These weigh not down the spirit's wing  
 That would to heaven's portal spring;  
 But speed it in its upward course,  
 By dint of their own moral force;  
 Hallelujah!

5 O Thou ! who art the living Fount,  
 Of mercies man can never count,  
 From bonds of sin my spirit free,  
 And let it soar and sing to Thee :  
Hallelujah !

6 No higher privilege I claim  
 Than to extol Thy blessed name,  
 And answer, when the angels call,  
 Holy art Thou, O God of all !  
Hallelujah !

P. M.

### 2. HUMILITY.

86 1 Hearken not, man ! to the voice of self-love ;  
 Adverse to meekness and truth it will prove :  
 Calling all puny achievements august,  
 That gild common clay or magnify dust.

2 Wisdom is walking for e'er by thy side,  
 Checking thy arrogance, chast'ning thy  
     pride,  
 Bidding thee measure thy fabrics infirm  
 With works to which time can affix no  
     term.

3 How will thy temples and altars compare  
 With those that nature delighted to rear ?  
 With the perfect, sublime, and vast designs  
 Of her forest, ocean, or mountain-shrines ?

4 What is thy beauty ? the bloom of an hour ;  
 What fame's duration ? the life of a flower :  
 Genius seems ever to sing 'neath a cloud,  
 Gold cannot brighten *one* thread of the  
     shroud.

5 Self-lauding man! through the firmament's  
bars

List to the chorus of seraphs and stars :  
Then will thy heart in humility's tone,  
Bow to the world's mighty Master alone.

P. M.

87 1 Out of sorrow's depths I cry  
To my Father, throned on high ;  
Mercy's hand, I humbly trust,  
Will remove the mourner's dust,  
While my heart repeats again,  
Bless the Holy One, Amen !

2 Should not I more favor win,  
Than the sons of shame and sin ?  
Yet the sweets of life are theirs,  
While my portion is but tears.  
Wherefore have I shouted then,  
Bless the Holy One, Amen ?

3 What shall Heaven render *thee*,  
Who thy neighbor's fault canst see,  
Yet art sightless, as the mole,  
To the blots upon thy soul ?  
Still unclean, though loud thy strain,  
Bless the Holy One, Amen !

4 He who stands self-justified  
In his spiritual pride,  
Shall no grace from God receive,  
Though he may the world deceive  
By repeating o'er again,  
Bless the Holy One, Amen !

P. M.

## GENESIS, CHAP. XI.

- 88 1 On Shinar's plain see Babel's tower rise :  
       Woe shall the builders and their work  
       betide !  
       For that which seeks to penetrate the skies,  
       Shall prove a ruined monument of pride.
- 2 Here let the bold transgressor read his fate,  
       And, trembling, pause amid his plans  
       profane ;  
       Confusion shall upon his deeds await,  
       And incomplete his daring schemes  
       remain.
- 3 Vainly he braves the vengeance of his God :  
       For as a moral beacon shall he stand,  
       While many tongues shall spread his shame  
       abroad,  
       His guilt proclaiming through each  
       foreign land.
- 4 Like lofty towers, haughty hearts shall fall,  
       While humble ones to heaven shall aspire,  
       As they in unity of worship call,  
       In death and life, on one Eternal Sire.

P. M.

- 89 1 My God, my Father, and my Guide !  
       On Thee for aid I call ;  
       Oh ! save my soul from wordly pride,  
       Which causeth man to fall.
- 2 Power is but a subtle snare,  
       Frail spirits to mislead ;  
       Wealth, a treacherous betrayer,  
       Fame but a broken reed.

3 Against these lures, Thy servant, Lord !  
 For succor hath appealed,  
*Thou* only canst these dangers ward,  
 Who art my Strength and Shield.

4 The storm will smite the lofty tree  
 That with its rage contends,  
 But leave the pliant sapling free  
 That to its fury bends.

5 So shall the meek, who humbly strive  
 Thy wrath to deprecate,  
 Those blasts of adverse fate survive  
 Which shall the proud prostrate.

6 Save Israel from worldly pride,  
 All-perfect Source of grace,  
 And to the gates of heaven guide  
 A blind and wandering race !

P. M.

#### 4. CONTENTMENT.

90 1 In the great scales of human life  
 God casteth good and ill,  
 The sweet and bitter, peace and strife.  
 By turns the balance fill.

2 Mingled is every mortal draught :  
 Yet thus will folly rave :  
 Wormwood alone have I e'er quaffed.  
 My neighbor's cup I crave.

3 His prayer by Providence is heard :  
 Doth he the change enjoy ?  
 No ! in his heart the gall-drop 's stirred,  
 That must all things alloy.

- 4 His competence enlarged to wealth,  
 Brings not expected bliss ;  
 Unsated appetite and health  
 Have been exchanged for this.
- 5 Another of his lot complains,  
 Whom all the world thinks blest ;  
 Mere *gold* his lofty soul disdains.  
 But sighs for glory's crest.
- 6 And soon upon his brow august,  
 The meed of honor shines ;  
 But ah ! his lov'd ones lie in dust,  
 For *these* his spirit pines.
- 7 Take then, O man ! the chequered lot,  
 To thee by God assigned ;  
 Give thanks for every blessing brought,  
 To evil—be resigned. P. M.

- 91 1 Oh ! whence doth human happiness arise ?  
 Is it dependent upon cloudless skies ?  
 Or on that changeless sunshine of the soul,  
 That calm content derived from self-control ?
- 2 Light of all seasons, in life's wintry scene,  
 As in its buoyant spring-time still serene,  
 Its tempered glory radiates for e'er  
 From virtue's orbit and religion's sphere.
- 3 Let us not hope contentment's beam to find  
 In a restless and ambitious mind ;  
 It rests not on that rainbow of an hour,  
 The gold and purple robe of worldly pow'r.
- 4 It gildeth not the godless dome of pride,  
 Nor in the sordid bosom will abide ;

But as the day-star of each mortal shines.  
Who in full trust his heart to Heaven  
resigns.

5 O Thou ! whose eye all human wants can  
see,

Grant that its influence may govern me ;  
Let that blest ray of peace my soul illumine,  
Nor wane till I descend into the tomb.

P. M.

92 1 On dim futurity, with idle aim,  
Man's restless mind is ever prone to gaze,  
To know what portion he may chance to  
claim  
Of all the good and ill that fate displays.

2 Impious waste alike of time and thought !  
Insane attempt, that curtain dark to  
rend,  
The hand of Providence itself hath wrought,  
To veil the evils that o'er life impend.

3 Unwise and rash ! foreknowledge, if possest,  
Would aggravate inevitable woe,  
Would make the present period unblest,  
And crush the nerve that else might  
brave the blow.

4 Thus, too, would promised pleasure lose  
its zest,  
Forestalled by expectation long and keen :  
Oh ! then let Heaven's wisdom be confest,  
That doth from mortal eyes the future  
screen.

- 5 How grateful is my heart to Thee, O Lord!  
 For this concealment of life's chequered  
 lines;  
 No tongue can utter, and no pen record  
 The depth of all Thy merciful designs.  
 P. M.

PROVERBS, CHAP. XXVII, V. 1.

- 93 1 Let me for *present* hours borrow  
 The garland pleasure wears;  
 To God I'll dedicate the *morrow*,  
 And mourn for misspent years.
- 2 Half of thy prayer, to thy own sorrow,  
 Is granted, child of mirth!  
 The wreath is thine, but e'er the morrow  
 'Twill lie with thee in earth.
- 3 The rich man 'neath his purple awning  
 Contented sits at eve,  
 Nor dreams the sepulchre is yawning,  
 His ashes to receive.
- 4 A widow lifts the voice of mourning,  
 For him who yesterday  
 Vowed with another sun's returning,  
 His pious debts to pay.
- 5 "The world with graves is perforated,"  
 But these beheld them not,  
 Their hearts with luxury elated,  
 Death's dwelling-place forgot.
- 6 O Israel! the lesson borrow,  
 Nor, for earth's brightest things,  
 Defer to an uncertain morrow  
 Praise to the King of kings. P. M.



94 1 Oh! where is he who yesterday  
 Stood erect in manhood's prime?  
 Weep! for the shadow of decay  
 Rests upon the child of time;  
 Weep for creation's noble chief,  
 Whose vital tenure is so brief.

Woe to the man, who in a cloudless morning  
 Promise of a golden sunset sees!  
 Nor heeds experience that whispers warning,  
 "Peril lurks in every passing breeze."

2 From the same elements may spring  
 Balm, and bloom, and mortal blight;  
 Yet we watch not time's fleet wing,  
 But pursue some vain delight.  
 For changing seasons unprepared,  
 Though every leaf of life is seared,

O shame! thus to foil our Maker's intent,  
 Who moral sagacity gave;  
 That we might improve to their utmost  
 extent,  
 Years that pass between birth and the  
 grave.

3 Waste not the present in regret  
 For omissions of the past;  
 Bright blossoms may be gathered yet,  
 Through eternity to last.  
 These are virtues—angel flowers,—  
 Natives of celestial bowers.

He that to immortality aspires,  
 Must his heart to Heaven dedicate,  
 And all its thoughts, its feelings, and desires,  
 By the laws of mercy regulate. P. M.

## 5. FOR THE SICK.

- 95 1 Hear my voice and grant my pray'r,  
       O Thou life-sustaining God !  
       Heal my flesh, my spirit cheer,  
       That I may Thy mercy laud.
- 2 Trespasses that seemed but light,  
       When my health and strength remained,  
       Now that these have taken flight,  
       All the weight of guilt have gained.
- 3 Oh! that I, in hours past,  
       With my soul had oft communed :  
       Slumb'ring passions thence to cast.  
       That awaken but to wound.
- 4 Lengthen out the little span  
       Of Thy worshipper, O Lord !  
       Nor, till I reform my plan,  
       Cleave for e'er the vital cord.
- 5 As the dial's shadow turned  
       At the pray'r of Judah's king,  
       Let not my appeal be spurned,  
       Save me still Thy praise to sing.     P. M.

## 6. PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

- 96 1 O thou ! possesst of health and bloom,  
       Think how they once in others glowed ;  
       And yet, how many to the tomb  
       Passed, unprepared, to meet their God.
- 2 Pilgrim ! "thy house in order set !"  
       Thy soul for sudden change prepare,  
       Ere thou, to cancel nature's debt,  
       Art forced into an unknown sphere.

- 3 To every fleeting day then link  
     Some blest remembrance as it flies,  
     Some *deed* that on the grave's dark brink  
     To soothe thy conscience may arise.
- 4 Keep mercy ever in thy sight,  
     Whether thou judgest friend or foe,  
     Her mantle, pure as heaven's light,  
     Around each erring spirit throw.
- 5 Let faith triumphant o'er all things.  
     Virtue teach and self-denial,  
     And firmly shall her angel wings,  
     Bear thee through life's stormy trial.
- 6 Mortal! be warned, while yet thy prime  
     By dread disease is unassailed;  
     Oh! trust not to the future time,  
     Whose aspect God himself hath veiled.

P. M.

## 6 DUTIES TOWARDS OTHERS.

## 1. TRUTH.

- 97 1 Let the standard of truth by Judah be  
     planted,  
     Where'er he may chance to abide;  
     Let praise to the God of his father be  
     chanted,  
     Though strangers his worship deride.
- 2 Oh! fail not to foster each pious emotion  
     That reason or faith generates;  
     But freely and fearlessly breathe your  
     devotion  
     To God, who the soul animates.

- 3 How weak is the sceptre of temporal  
power,  
The spirit of truth to o'erthrow !  
Sublimely o'er time doth her majesty tower,  
Eternity's herald below.
- 4 Her law is a lamp to the feet of each mortal  
That else would in dark places stray ;  
Its light radiates immortality's portal,  
Nor wanes, though a world may decay.
- 5 Oh ! follow her path, and forsake that of  
error,  
All ye who salvation would seek ;  
Nor ever, through danger, through shame,  
or through terror,  
Her glorious ordinance break. P. M.

- 98 1 Early and late my God I seek,  
Before Him stand and pray ;  
Yet find all human words too weak  
His wonders to portray.
- 2 I love to see the morning light  
Break forth to gladden earth,  
Like charity, that takes delight  
In cheering humble worth.
- 3 And when the glorious star of eve  
Ascends the vault on high,  
The *first* to reach, the *last* to leave  
Its station in the sky.
- 4 I think of *Hope*, whose rays serene  
The dawn of life illumine,  
And still in its decline are seen  
Lingering above the tomb.

- 5 But brighter, purer, more divine,  
 Is truth than either orb :  
 Let this, O God ! forever shine,  
 And all my soul absorb.

## 2. HONESTY.

- 99 1 Father ! will abstinence, or prayer, or song,  
 Open for us celestial portals ?  
 Or as atonement serve for any wrong  
 Committed 'gainst our fellow-mortals ?
- 2 Oh, no ! the key of mercy's golden gates  
 Turns when touched by penitential tears ;  
 And joy alike the contrite soul awaits,  
 And the meek, that no deep blemish  
 bears.
- 3 Thou lovest him who faithful, true, and just,  
 Even when by poverty beset,  
 Would perish rather than betray his trust,  
 Or the claims of probity forget.
- 4 The honor Thou as *pure* dost recognise,  
 Builds not on its predecessor's fame ;  
 Nobility in its *own* spirit lies,  
 Clad in virtue's ermine—a good name.
- 5 Thy *image* we behold in human love,  
 In human justice trace Thy form divine ;  
 The soul's high statue, soaring high above  
 All mean artifice and low design.
- 6 From all that their integrity might blight,  
 God of mercy ! Thy weak children shield ;  
 Most sacred let them hold each other's right,  
 Nor to guileful passions ever yield.

P. M.

## 3. JUSTICE.

## DEUTERONOMY, CHAP. I.

100 The prophet to the people said,  
(Whose numbers none might count,) Full long have ye, O Israel! stayed  
In Horeb's marble mount.

2 Accomplished are your holy wars,  
Ye tread the promised land;  
Your multitudes are as the stars:  
God's blessing 's on your band.

3 And may ye, e'en a thousand-fold,  
More numerous become,  
On Palestine's conquered mould,  
When ye have fixed your home.

4 But how can I your cumbrance bear,  
Your burthen and your strife?  
Wise men among the tribes there are  
To govern ye through life.

5 Let these adjudge the Hebrew's cause,  
The stranger's claim decide,  
And in expounding Heaven's laws,  
Heed not the person tried.

6 For in the eye of nature's God,  
Degree no favor finds,  
Rank falls 'neath the judicial rod,  
Low as the meanest minds.

7 Of mortal face be not afraid,  
For judgment will descend  
From Him who is in truth arrayed,  
The pious poor man's friend.

8 Oh ! let the modern Israelite,  
 Taught by the elder time,  
 Treasure this golden rule of right,  
 So simple, yet sublime.

9 When ye as arbiters are called  
 Between the small and great,  
 Let equity stand unappalled  
 And speak its pure dictate.

P. M.

## 4. RIGHTEOUSNESS.

## PSALM XV.

**101** Who, God of glory ! shall be found  
 Worthy of so high a grace,  
 As e'er Thy praises to resound  
 In Thy holy dwelling-place,—  
 And with heaven, earth, and sea,  
 Join in choral hymns to Thee ?

2 He whose soul, all sin abhorring,  
 E'er to virtue's height aspires,  
 And 'gainst evil passions warring,  
 Quenches their unholy fires ;  
 Who 'mid fortune's worst caprice,  
 Loses not internal peace.

3 Who shall in the house of prayer,  
 God supreme ! Thy praise declare ?  
 He who with forbearing meekness,  
 Guilt in others palliates,  
 Yet in self each lesser weakness  
 Searches out and reprobates.  
 He who from reproach or shame  
 Guards a fellow-creature's name.

- 4 Who shall in His holy place  
Praise the Lord of life and grace?

He whose acts and meditations  
Are alike from falsehood free,  
And of truth, on all occasions,  
Will the fearless champion be.  
Who with life as soon would part,  
As the angel of the heart.

- 5 Who, O God! is justified  
In Thy temple to abide?

He who sees in moral duty  
The right tenor of the heart,  
And in holiness a beauty,  
That with time will not depart.  
Virtue thus his soul must raise,  
Who would his Creator praise.

P. M.

#### 5. FORBEARANCE.

102 Of all the virtues that we find  
Promoting bliss among mankind,  
Forbearance, (upon which depends  
The peace of kindred and of friends,)  
Is that which, more than all the rest,  
Conduces to make mortals blest.

- 2 Can wit, whose tone is ever high,  
Or beauty that enchants the eye,  
With this domestic grace compare,  
Which doth the robes of meekness wear?  
Whose look serene, and language sweet,  
Rude passion ever can defeat?

- 3 Accomplishments, however rare,  
Do not enable us to bear



The wrongs, the trials, and the strife,  
 To which we are exposed through life;  
 Or cause us humbly to sustain  
 Grief, disappointment, want, or pain.

- 4 No! to this child of faith alone  
 Are powers of endurance known,—  
 A sufferance of worldly ill,  
 A self-denying pious will,  
 That malice quells, and can assuage  
 The fiercest mood of frantic rage.
- 5 Long, long didst *Thou* forbear, O God!  
 To chasten Israel with Thy rod;  
 That chosen but rebellious host,  
 Thy loving kindness never lost.  
 Be patient still, almighty Sire!  
 Although their sins provoke Thine ire.
- 6 Grant me, O ever Just and Wise!  
 The virtue I most highly prize,  
 Whose placid temper and soft tone,  
 I pray henceforth may be my own.  
 Forbearance grant, in deed and word,  
 To Thy frail worshiper, O Lord! P. M.

103 Oh! ever adverse to the scheme  
 Of Providence divine,  
 Is proud intolerance, whose beam  
 Lights but a single shrine.

- 2 One creed, one teacher, and one sect,  
 Its advocates uphold,  
 Regardless if a world be wrecked,  
 Beyond its narrow fold.

- 3 It reasons not, but strives to mock  
 That charitable zeal,  
 That e'en for a dissenting flock,  
 Kind sympathy can feel.
- 4 How patiently hast Thou, O Lord!  
 Discordant faiths allowed,  
 How equally dispensed reward,  
 Or chastisement bestowed:
- 5 Yet would the bigot sons of pride,  
 (Mere bloated worms at best,)  
 The movements of man's spirit guide,  
 And its free march arrest.
- 6 Father of mercies! Thou alone  
 This blindness canst remove,  
 And bring us all before Thy throne,  
 In bonds of peace and love. P. M.

- 104 Why, O man! is not thy soul's desire  
 To virtue's excellence confined?  
 Why let sinful passions e'er conspire  
 To drive her from thy heart and mind!  
 So that in earth's most gifted creatures,  
 Seldom we mark her modest features.
- 2 One vain-glorious mortal will pray  
 To be with worldly honor crowned;  
 And one with the shafts of wit will play,  
 Though these the innocent may wound.  
 Others there are in the human fold,  
 Who ask of Heaven no gift but gold.
- 3 Shall a righteous neighbor then desert  
 The frailest portion of God's flock,

- Nor from weak wanderers harm avert,  
 Because in evil paths they walk ?  
 Oh ! with friendly care and frequent call,  
 Watch and warn the erring, lest they fall.
- 4 Yea, though to the verge of *vice* they stray,  
 Your zealous effort ne'er suspend ;  
 Thence, at last they may be led away,  
 And made at virtue's shrine to bend.  
 Pride alone from sinners stands aloof ;  
 Love e'er brings them weeping to her roof.
- 5 Forbearing Love ! patient, gentle, pure,  
 On thee the holy task devolves,  
 Peace to guilty brethren to restore,  
 And strengthen penitent resolves ;  
 In each life, however depraved and dark,  
 Some bright point or moral star to mark.
- 6 Oh ! let man then kindle at that light  
 Fire, his base passion to consume ;  
 Then his soul may rise to virtue's height,  
 And God's similitude resume.  
 This blest end forbearance e'er effects,  
 And human rashness by meek counsel  
 checks. P. M.

#### GENESIS, CHAP. XLV.

- 105** What cause hast thou, O Israel, for tears ?  
 The gifts of plenty cheer thy latter years ;  
 And wheresoe'er thine aged feet may rest,  
 Men shall rise to honor and call thee blest.
- 2 Ah, woe is me ! the patriarch repeats,  
 Since he no more his darling Joseph  
 greets.

In sorrow to the grave must I go down,  
Nor peace, nor happiness my gray hairs  
crown.

3 And where was he, lamented thus as lost?  
From pit and prison up to honor's post;  
Heaven progressively the wand'rer led,  
To bless the hands that would his blood  
have shed.

4 His dreams of stars and sheaves are  
realized;  
Awhile his deep emotions are disguised,  
When at his foot-stool all his brethren fall,  
And upon Egypt's lord for succor call.

5 I am that man, that brother whom ye sold!  
Say, does my father live? Would I might  
fold  
Within my arms that parent well-beloved,  
Whose partial tenderness your envy  
moved!

6 Yet, fear ye not! regret alone I feel,  
Ye against nature should your bosom steel;  
The hand of Mercy we may here detect,  
From evil cause producing good effect.

7 O ye! who with vindictive anger burn,  
Forbearance now from this example learn;  
Forgive your foes, and in the part delight,  
Their injuries with kindness to requite.

P. M.

#### 6. BROTHERLY LOVE.

106 How beautiful it is to see,  
Brethren unite harmoniously!

- Of kindred sympathies possess,  
By the same joys and woes imprest.
- 2 But ah ! how very slight a cause,  
Will counteract kind nature's laws,  
And to that dread estrangement lead,  
Against which God and angels plead !
- 3 An unkind word, pronounced in haste,  
Hath years of tenderness effaced,  
Checked confidence, whose genial flow  
Is sweeter than aught else below.
- 4 In jealousy a poison lurks,  
That oft affection's ruin works ;  
This first implants suspicion's seeds,  
And to fraternal contest leads.
- 5 Ye brothers, who would cherish strife,  
Oh, think of those who gave you life !  
By whom ye were together blest,  
Watched, prayed for, counseled and  
    cares ;
- 6 What deep reproach to these it bears,  
What grief entails on their gray hairs,  
When discord on their household band,  
Hath laid a cold and with'ring hand !
- 7 Lord of the universe ! we pray,  
Thou wilt this evil put away,  
And grant that Israel may be found,  
In faith by concord ever crowned.      P. M.

107 "Let there be love !" it is the light  
That makes the sphere of heaven bright.  
First, from creative Mercy's thought,  
By the rejoicing angels caught.

- 2 "Let there be love!" it is the beam  
That earth from darkness shall redeem,  
And in its mighty heart mature  
The only bud that shall endure.
- 3 "Let there be love!" its vital ray,  
Alone exempt from brief decay,  
Shall in the human soul entomb  
The germ of its immortal bloom.
- 4 "Let there be love!" its gentle tone  
Is music heard from Mercy's throne,  
Echoed by charity below  
To hush the cry of guilt or woe.
- 5 "Let there be love!" blest is the creed  
That doth to this pure issue lead,  
And thus promotes the hallowed plan  
Of brotherhood 'twixt man and man.
- 6 "Let there be love!" earth, air, and sea,  
Obedience yield to this decree;  
Woe then to reason froward child!  
Whose spirit is by *hate* defiled.
- 7 O God! let universal love,  
Unholy strife from earth remove,  
And link, in one harmonious whole,  
All human kind from pole to pole. P. M.

108 Truly and tenderly should I  
As myself my neighbor love,  
His weal promote, his wants supply,  
And with him in concord move.  
Thus by God's benign command,  
Clasping close the social band.

- 2 For this did Providence decree,  
     From the cradle to the tomb,  
 None from sorrow should be free,  
     But partake one common doom ;  
 That the tried and suffering heart  
 Might kind sympathy impart.
- 3 The poor, the rich, the meek, the proud,  
     Side by side our Father placed,  
 Each with reason's power endowed,  
     Each with His own image graced.  
 Who shall then with selfish aim,  
 Mock at man's fraternal claim ?
- 4 Will destiny, that through the globe  
     Flings for e'er its iron barb,  
 More venerate the monarch's robe  
     Than the beggar's tattered garb ?  
 With hand impartial, it will strike  
 Pride and poverty alike !
- 5 Oh ! wherefore then as strangers treat  
     Pilgrims seeking the *one* road,  
 That leads them to the mercy-seat  
     Of a universal God ?  
 Who alone beyond life's goal,  
 Shall distinguish soul from soul.
- 6 Men, who live on earth as brothers,  
     *There* shall find a Father's love ;  
 And the tears *here* wept for others,  
     *There* shall pearls of ransom prove,  
 Mortal frailties to redeem  
 From the wrath of the Supreme.      P. M.

## 7. FILIAL LOVE.

EXODUS, CHAP. XX., V. 13.

- 109 When I remember, O my God !  
 The bounties from my birth received,  
 Knowledge that from my *parents* flowed,  
 Of all Thy mercies had achieved :
- 2 Those guardians, how shall I requite,  
 Who cherished me thro' childhood's  
 stage ?  
 Unless I in Thy law delight,  
 And shield and honor them, in age ;
- 3 Soften with unremitting care,  
 Frailties they may through life betray,  
 With love and reverential fear,  
 Their least command or wish obey.
- 4 Ye outcasts from the social pale !  
 Apostates from the filial creed !  
 Let Sinai's warning voice prevail,  
 When nature fails her cause to plead.
- 5 Bless ye the authors of your birth,  
 Next to your heavenly Father's praise,  
 The highest duty upon earth,  
 That faith enjoins or man obeys. P. M.
- 110 Intensely radiant was thy peak,  
 Majestic Horeb ! on the day  
 That moral light was seen to break  
 On Israel's benighted way.  
 Hallowed sod !  
 Where a *God*  
 Through His delegate conveyed  
 Laws in mercy's spirit made.



- 2 List, O ye children of the earth !  
 List to the mandate of the Lord !  
 Honor the sources of your birth,  
 And with your love their care reward.  
 These defend  
 To life's end,  
 Nor your filial task relax  
 Till the grave its prey exacts.
- 3 Let grateful memory look back  
 To infancy's dependent hours,  
 Who drew you through its thorny track,  
 And taught you where to find its  
*Parent hearts* [flowers ?  
 By soft arts,  
 Safe your steps through peril led,  
 And life's roses 'neath them spread.
- 4 Nature's voice, to you appealing,  
 Claims return for past protection,  
 Guarding, both by faith and feeling,  
*This* her holiest affection.  
 Ne'er forget  
 Her just debt ;  
 But, while with existence blest,  
 Fond devotion manifest.
- 5 O Lord ! Thy choicest blessing yield  
 To our loved parents while they live ;  
 And when in death their eyes are sealed,  
 Their souls receive, their sins forgive.  
 From the grave,  
 Father ! save  
 Those who trained us, from early youth,  
 To know and love the laws of truth.

## 8. MATRIMONIAL LOVE.

- 111 Blest is the bond of wedded love,  
 When they who at its altar bow,  
 Remember that the God above  
 Is witness to their holy vow,—
- 2 When they sweet counsel interchange,  
 And as each season onward rolls,  
 Prove that no chance can e'er estrange  
 The feeling that unites their souls.
- 3 To woman, in the stormy hour,  
 Doth not her stronger partner turn?  
 And from her spirit gather power,  
 Peril and pain alike to spurn?
- 4 And she, the gentle, tender one,  
 Whose atmosphere is purity,—  
 Doth she not in *his* love alone  
 Confide for her security?
- 5 That noble trust, O man! fulfill,  
 Which before Heaven hath been sworn;  
 Cherish thy wife through good and ill,  
 Her virtues love, her frailties mourn.
- 6 Blest are the vows of wedded life,  
 When they from righteous lips proceed,  
 When free from wrath, perverseness, strife,  
 Time hallows that which God decreed.

P. M.

## 9. CHARITY.

- 112 O thou, whose shrine the sweetest incense  
 bears  
 Which human gratitude for God prepares,

Exalted charity ! in whom we trace  
 Mercy's twin-attribute and sister grace,  
*Thy* name we glorify, thy praise prolong,  
 Whose power changeth mourning into  
 song.

2 'Tis thine, benevolence ! with soft control,  
 To draw the arrow from the stricken soul,  
 To fly unbidden to thy brother's aid,  
 And balm the wound by cruel fortune  
 made,  
 O'er widowed worth thy shelt'ring wings  
 to spread,  
 And cheer the drooping children of the  
 dead.

3 Oft by the cypress of the parent's tomb  
 The orphan's bud of hope is seen to bloom ;  
 Thy smile the beam, thy tear the gentle  
 dew,  
 That brighter make the infant-blossom's  
 hue.  
 Oh ! not less kind shall mercy prove above  
 To those who follow *here* her law of love.

P. M.

PROV., CHAP. XIV., 11.

**113** I saw a palace proud and high,  
 A work that vanity had planned,  
 Its towers pointed to the sky,  
*Not* so its master's heart or hand.

2 There stood an humble mansion near,  
 And wisdom was its architect,

Pillars of holiness were there,  
While charity its portals decked.

3 And worldly men, as these they past,  
Would linger long before the first,  
But looked with scorn upon the last,  
As though it were a thing accursed.

4 Behold ! a bolt from heaven falls  
And blasts the rich man's residence ;  
While from its neighbor's lowly walls  
Rise songs of praise to Providence.

5 That house is built on barren sand  
In which faith's treasures are not stored ;  
Nor long shall any fabric stand  
Whose founder feareth not the Lord.

P. M.

JOB, CHAP. XXIX.

114 Return, O Lord ! and let me be  
As I have been in seasons past,  
When, graciously preserved by Thee,  
No shadow on my soul was cast.

2 When firm and fearless in my youth,  
Through darkness oft I walked abroad,  
Wanting no star but perfect truth,  
No sun to light me, but my God,

3 Where are the troops of flatterers now,  
Who once my tabernacle sought ?  
No word of comfort they bestow  
Upon a heart with anguish fraught.

4 The poor in me a father hailed,  
And freely of my stores partook ;  
But since my earthly treasures failed,  
E'en *these* my presence cannot brook.

- 5 Proud men and princes held their peace,  
 When I for justice raised my voice,  
 And caused the orphan's tear to cease,  
 The widow's spirit to rejoice.
- 6 Yea, righteousness hath been my robe,  
 And equity my diadem;  
 Yet, scorners seek my wounds to probe,  
 And my integrity condemn.
- 7 Oh! blest be he who, when bereaved  
 Of worldly substance, children, friends,  
 Finds balm in former good achieved,  
 And with his prayer no murmur blends.

P. M.

- 115** Bounteous Father! by what course  
 May we hope Thy grace to gain?  
 Oh! must we not, in active force,  
 All Thy laws of love maintain?
- 2 Linked alike in mind and heart,  
 Should not all Thy creatures live?  
 Bidding revenge and hate depart,  
 And delighting to forgive?
- 3 Ne'er, O man! this charge forego;  
 But with unaffected zeal,  
 E'en an erring brother's woe,  
 Strive with gentle hand to heal.
- 4 Doth he wear the prisoner's bond?  
 Seek him in his dark abode,  
 Show what beams from spheres beyond,  
 Light the weeping pilgrim's road.
- 5 Art thou with ease and comfort blest,  
 While he languishes in need?

- Cast in the field of barrenness,  
Part of fortune's golden seed.
- 6 Welcome poor earth-mates to thy roof,  
Share with these thy daily bread;  
Our Father never stands aloof  
While His children thus are fed.
- 7 When thy hearth-stone brightly gloweth,  
There to love an altar rear,  
That which Providence bestoweth,  
For its sacrifice prepare.
- 8 Wouldst thou please thy heavenly Sire?  
Let thy *mite* precede thy *meal*;  
Grace like *this* ascendeth higher  
Than the lips' prescribed appeal.
- 9 Be to the lame a strong support,  
For the blind thine eyes exert:  
And the angels then shall make report  
Of thy glorious desert.
- 10 Faith ever in its sacred scope  
Sweet charity embraces,  
And on it man's eternal hope  
By God's commandment bases. P. M.

## PSALM XLI.

- 116 Oh! blest be he who ne'er forgets the poor,  
But with the needy freely shares his store;  
Upon the bed of languishing and pain,  
He shall not call upon the Lord in vain;  
For him, who doth a *brother's* anguish feel,  
A *Father's* hand shall strengthen then, and  
heal.

2 That man's name on earth shall never  
 perish,  
 Who doth the widow cheer, the orphan  
 cherish,  
 Who with integrity has treasures earned,  
 That to the use of charity are turned :  
 Time shall repeat his deeds through future  
 years,  
 And angels sing them in celestial spheres.

3 But, oh ! let none of those who practice  
*fraud*,  
 Believe they can propitiate their God,  
 By placing in the beggar's outstretched  
 hand,  
 Gold gathered up by breach of his command.  
 E'en mercy will refuse *his* gift to bless,  
 Who 'gainst the laws of justice doth trans-  
 gress.

4 Let all who would their Maker's love  
 requite,  
 Beneficence with probity unite.  
 He who created pure the human heart,  
 Meant not that these should ever dwell  
 apart ;  
 His bounty Providence will ne'er approve,  
 Who dares his neighbor's landmark to  
 remove.

P. M.

117 Stretched languidly upon his couch,  
 The child of pomp seeks rest,  
 While those who round his chamber crouch,  
 Believe him truly blest.

- 2 From these the curtained sluggard hid,  
 Seems wrapped in mimic death;  
 They cannot see his unclosed lid,  
 Nor mark his panting breath.
- 3 Of precious balsams sleep alone  
 Baffles his costly bribe;  
 Balm to the temperate e'er known,  
 And to the toiling tribe.
- 4 And cannot affluence indeed  
 This priceless gift possess?  
 Yes! of the orphan's tear take heed,  
 The widow's wrong redress.
- 5 Call famished brethren to thy board,  
 And in their blessings taste  
 A luxury wealth ne'er procured  
 In all its boundless waste.
- 6 The work of charity begin  
 That selfish ease foregoes;  
 The poor man's prayer for thee shall win  
 Serene and sweet repose.
- 7 Body and soul beneath thy sway  
 Shall healthful vigor gain,  
 And slumber, chased by sloth away,  
 Come to thy couch again. P. M.

118 Pray in the night! when silence and the  
 stars  
 Alone bear witness to thy holy zeal;  
 And when the morn removes light's golden  
 bars,  
 Praise Nature's God who heareth man's  
 appeal.



- 2 For praise, like manna, ever is most sweet,  
 Ere yet the spirit, like the noontide sun,  
 Wax in its worldly course to that fierce  
     heat  
 By which corruption's fatal work is done,
- 3 And if the measure of thy blessing prove  
 More ample than thy neighbor's lot  
     contains,  
 Forget not Heaven's ordinance of love,  
 But yield to him a portion of thy gains.
- 4 So shall the sons of Israel regain  
 The love of God long forfeited by guile;  
 Like a relenting father will He deign  
 Once more on contrite worshippers to  
     smile. P. M.

PROV. XIII., v. 7.

- 119** How oft has man, with "heart of stone,"  
 The gifts of Providence received,  
 Nor felt they were but Mercy's loan,  
 That good through him might be achieved.
- 2 Wrapt in himself he will not see  
 That, as the Lord's appointed steward,  
 He must dispense, with spirit free,  
 Treasures ne'er meant to be immured.
- 3 Whence does all mortal strength proceed,  
 If not from wealth? the boaster cries;  
 No privilege can nature need,  
 Or thought suggest, that gold denies.
- 4 Oh! false and fatal estimate  
 Of specious, unsubstantial dross

Which cannot ward *one* stroke of faith,  
Or lighter make affection's loss.

5 Its glitter mocks the coffin-plate  
Where life's epitome is traced ;  
Can it redeem *one* evil trait  
By which the soul has been debased ?

6 Impassive lies the frozen heart,  
Till care or woe its current thaws ;  
Nor till its brighter hopes depart,  
Will bow to love's benignant laws.

7 Children of opulence ! reflect,  
That ye from God *your pensions* gained,  
And, as His almoners elect,  
Share with the poor the gifts obtained.

P. M.

## V. MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

### 1. FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

120 Who is that angel of the universe,  
That *first* and purest spiritual grace,  
Through whom alone man may with God  
converse,  
And with a tear his trespasses efface ?  
That gentle spirit who, when stricken saith,  
God's holy will be done ? 'Tis faith, meek  
faith !

2 Who is that *second* messenger divine,  
That 'mid life's stormy elements sus-  
pendeth

A bow, a promise—an eternal sign,  
That Heaven's mercy e'er its wrath  
transcendeth?

Not long can sorrow its deep fountains ope  
Before *that* seraph. It is hope, sweet hope!

- 3 Lo! a *third* angel to the earth repairs,  
Kindred to both of these celestial powers;  
Religion's self its oracle declares,  
And finds its essence in all mortal  
flowers.

The mourner's heart to rapture it can  
move,—

Its voice is melody. Its name is love!

- 4 Welcome, ye angels of the universe!  
Welcome, faith, hope, and love, to Israel's  
tents!  
Ye who the shadows of the soul disperse,  
And peace and gladness to the world  
dispense.

With song we praise each spiritual grace  
That links immortals to the human race.

P. M.

## 2. PRAYER.

- 121 Pray when the morn unveileth  
Her glories to thine eyes;  
Pray when the sun-light faileth,  
And stars usurp the skies,  
Far from my bosom flinging  
Each worldly thought impure,  
The praise of God be singing,  
Mortal! for evermore.

2 Pray for the friend whose kindness  
 Ne'er failed in word or deed;  
 Pray for the foe whose blindness  
 Hath caused thy heart to bleed.  
 A blessing for thy neighbor  
 Ask thou of God above;  
 And on thy hallowed labor  
 Shall fall His smile of love.

3 Beside the stranger's altar,  
 Or at thy proper shrine,  
 Let not thy accents falter  
 In utt'ring truths divine.  
 But e'en when life is waning,  
 Thy faith with zeal declare—  
*One God* alone is reigning  
 Whose worship none may share.

P. M.

122 When night from nature's kingdom flies,  
 Let prayer and light together rise;  
 For prayer shall, like the morning beam,  
 From darkness e'en thy soul redeem.

2 No *worldly service* should precede  
 The praise of *Him* whose will decreed  
 That sleep should like the dew descend,  
 And freshness to life's flower lend.

3 Present thy spirit before God,  
 Unsullied by the mortal load  
 Of follies, passions, crimes, and cares,  
 Earth for her weary sons prepares.

- 4 Thy heart before *His* eye unmask,  
And crave a blessing on thy task,  
Strongly shalt thou be fortified  
To wrestle then with scorn and pride.
- 5 Then, when the sleep of death is near,  
And thou hast said thy farewell prayer,  
In *prospect*, pilgrim, shalt thou see  
The sunrise of eternity. P. M.

123 Though faith's discordant worshipers may  
rear

A thousand shrines, and cherish creeds  
diverse,

Yet harmonize they in regarding prayer  
As virtue's guardian and religion's nurse.

2 Prayer is the only universal tongue  
Familiar both to the refined and rude;  
Incense on household altars daily flung  
From the o'erflowing urn of gratitude.

3 Prayer is the valve made for the heart's  
relief  
From all that pride hath in its depths  
concealed;  
'Tis the securest vent for smothered grief  
For hopes long damped and sorrows  
never healed.

4 Prayer is of Heaven's bond the holy seal,  
That man with God may hold high  
intercourse,  
Who hears and answers ev'ry pure appeal,  
Whether of righteousness or true remorse.

5 Sweet is the voice of childhood when it  
 pleads  
 For earthly parents to its Sire above,  
 When with unsullied lips it intercedes  
 To win for them His blessing, grace,  
 and love.

6 And oh! how solemn are the prayers of age,  
 When all the vanities of earth are fled;  
 How tremblingly it turns the holy page,  
 And prays to God who raiseth up the  
 dead.

7 First balm of youth, last unction of the old,  
 Thy efficacy mortals shall attest,  
 Till life's last breath in prayer becometh  
 cold,  
 And the long burthened spirit sinks to  
 rest. P. M.

124 In perilous probation here  
 Were ye, O mortals! sent  
 For future being to prepare  
 Of infinite extent.

2 The soul against the flesh contends  
 For its immortal right;  
 Victorious, when faith descends  
 To aid its upward flight.

3 But, if temptation's voice ye hear,  
 Persuasive, strong and sweet,  
 And strive not then by fervent prayer  
 Her power to defeat.

- 4 Then will the earth-bound spirit fall,  
 Degraded and supine,  
 And at the carnal tempter's call  
 Its heritage resign.
- 5 Likeness to God man's features boast,  
 Reflected in the *soul*;  
 But this similitude is lost  
 'Neath sensual control.
- 6 Back to heaven whence it came,  
 Let it return again,  
 Unsullied by the brand of shame,  
 Or sin's deep-seated stain.

P. M.

## 3. DIVINE WORSHIP.

- 125 Oh, worship God! approach His shrine,  
 All ye children of the dust;  
 Exalt that Providence divine  
 In whose guardianship ye trust.  
 Are ye the affluent? Alas!  
 Wealth preserves ye not from woe;  
 Care e'en through palace gates will pass,  
 Bribes suspend not death's strong blow.
- 2 Oh, worship God! His temple seek,  
 Helpless offspring of despair!  
 Advance, ye languishing and weak!  
 To the nursery of prayer.  
 Has fortune crushed beneath her wheel,  
 Those she once with riches crowned?  
 Has friendship, that her wounds should  
 heal,  
 Left your bleeding hearts unbound?

3 Oh, worship God ! His name extol,  
 Who man's lot hath equalized,  
 Causing proud opulence to fall,  
 Raising needy worth despised.  
 Forget not then, ye righteous poor,  
 Though ye taste not of the sweets  
 With which your brother's cup runs o'er,  
 Justice still each portion metes.

4 Worship the Lord, ye widowed hearts !  
 Whose promise faith hath spoken,  
 Who balm to the bereaved imparts,  
 And soothes the spirit broken.  
 Ye fatherless ! your grief assuage,  
 And to God address your prayers ;  
 The shield of youth, the staff of age,  
 Gently dries the orphan's tears.

5 Worship your Maker, sons of earth !  
 In plenty or privation ;  
 Though high or humble be your birth,  
 Lofty or low your station.  
 In kindness oft life's bitter draught  
 To human lips is tendered ;  
 Let homage, e'en while it is quaffed,  
 To God be meekly rendered. P. M.

126 Lift, lift the voice of praise on high,  
 The Lord of life to glorify !  
 Thy spirit bow in humble prayer,  
 Remember, mortal, God is here.

2 Within the sanctuary's walls,  
 To dust all proud pretension falls ;



- The curtain of the soul is drawn,  
And worldly vanities are gone.
- 3 Art thou in power's highest place?  
Oh! turn towards the throne of Grace;  
How will thy fancied grandeur fleet  
Before thy Maker's mercy-seat.
- 4 Dost thou of temp'ral treasures boast?  
Faith slumbers not upon her post,  
But asks thee, with impressive tone,  
How thou repayest Heaven's loan.
- 5 If want, by thee unaided, weeps,  
Nor gleanings from thy harvest reaps,  
Then art thou poor, with all thy gold,  
For virtue casts thee from her fold.
- 6 Oh! may our thoughts, eternal God!  
Be suitable to Thy abode;  
These disengage from sordid schemes,  
And wean from all ambition's dreams.
- 7 Let holiness alone pervade  
The soul by Thee immortal made;  
And grant that, till its final flight,  
Thy praise may prove its chief delight.

P. M.

127 Here, at this temple's holy shrine,  
Let Israel join in sacred prayer,  
And every thought to Him resign  
Who sheds on us His tender care:  
Then hearts sincere in grateful praise  
Shall sanctify the hymns we raise.

2 Oh ! let not pride nor envy dwell  
 Where righteousness alone should reign,  
 That sweet religion's holy spell  
 May lead us back to grace again ;  
 And all be most supremely blest  
 Who bow before His high behest.

3 Pure is the soul which God hath made,  
 Let sin's deep stain defile it not,  
 That, when our mortal debt is paid,  
 And earthly cares in death forgot,  
 To realms of endless bliss it flies,  
 Eternal rest beyond the skies. C. M. C.

#### 4. DEVOTION.

128 Refuge I seek at the shrine of devotion,  
 When life's evil destinies compass me  
 round,  
*There* can my heart ever calm its com-  
 motion,  
 By prayers poured forth from its inner-  
 most ground.

2 Those who in smiles and in sunshine are  
 basking,  
 Listen but coldly to sorrow's rehearsal ;  
 Witness *Thou only* my spirit's unmasking,  
 Father of mercy and Friend universal.

3 Thou, by whose hand every wound is  
 anointed,  
 Wilt (as thy servant each weakness  
 confesses)  
 Give to the heart, of its hope disappointed,  
 Counsel that chastens not less than it  
 blesses.

4 Grant me, great Fountain of faith and of  
feeling!

Patient endurance and meek self-denial,  
Give to the soul at Thy altar appealing,  
Courage in peril and firmness in trial.

P. M.

129 Begin the holy hymn of praise,  
And let the choral band  
Repeat, as they their voices raise :  
Know before whom ye stand !

2 All ye in convocation brought  
By God's divine command,  
Remember what His hand hath wrought :  
Know before whom ye stand !

3 'Tis He whose ark the deluge braved,  
Whose rainbow heaven spanned,  
Whose outstretched arm the righteous  
saved :  
Know before whom ye stand !

4 The self-revealed, the great *I AM*,  
Who lead from Egypt's land  
The heirs of faithful Abraham :  
Know before whom ye stand !

5 Who sent to Bethel (house of God)  
A glorious angel band  
To bless the dreamer on the sod :  
Know before whom ye stand !

6 Though now the glory may be lost,  
That God for Judah planned,

Forsake not faith's exalted post:  
Know before whom ye stand!

- 7 Oh! let devotion, pure and strong,  
Your grateful hearts expand,  
Repeating still in sacred song:  
Know before whom ye stand! P. M.

## 5 PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

### PSALM CL.

**130** Praise ye the Lord! for it is good  
His mighty acts to magnify,  
And make those mercies understood,  
His hand delights to multiply.  
Praise ye the Lord!

- 2 Break forth, O Israel! into song,  
Let hymns ascend to heaven's vault;  
No sweeter task hath mortal tongue,  
Than its Creator to exalt.  
Praise ye the Lord!

- 3 The firmament's bright starry wall  
Shall tremblingly vibrate the sound,  
When with a trumpet ye extol  
A God who doth in grace abound.  
Praise ye the Lord!

- 4 Smite ye the harp, the timbrel roll,  
And let the organ swell sublime  
In praise of Him who formed the soul  
For bliss beyond the bounds of time.  
Praise ye the Lord!

5 O holy, holy, holy King !  
 Prostrate we bow before Thy throne,  
 And of salvation's power sing,  
 Possessed by *Thee*, and *Thee alone*.  
 Praise ye the Lord !

6 Let hallelujah loudly rise !  
 Let hallelujah softly fall !  
 Until on angel lips it dies,  
 As they unto each other call,  
 Praise ye the Lord !

P. M.

**131** Let the Lord be ever praised,  
 Ever loved and glorified ;  
 Though His mighty hand be raised,  
 Sons of earth to bless or chide.

2 Wisdom, justice, truth, and grace,  
 Are His attributes sublime ;  
 These are seen throughout all space,  
 These are felt throughout all time.

3 Contemplate, O mortal man !  
 Heaven and its starry host,  
 Worlds of light, whose perfect plan  
 Leaves the soul in wonder lost.

4 Turn and view the elements,  
 In their calmness or their strife,  
 Ocean, that appals the sense,  
 Air, that ministers to life.

5 Earth, that, while thou livest, yields  
 All her fruitful breast contains,  
 When thou diest, kindly shields  
 All of thee that then remains.

6 Last, the restless flame behold,  
 As it towers to the clouds,  
 Bursting through its smoky fold,  
 Like thy spirit from its shrouds.

7 Seest thou not in all of these  
 Emanations, pure and bright,  
 From that Power whose decrees  
 Can alone bring bloom or blight?

8 Seek not then, whate'er thy state,  
 Whether lofty or obscure,  
 Mysteries to penetrate,  
 But be silent and adore.

P. M.

132 O uncreated Holy One!  
 Lowly we bow before Thy throne,  
 Seeking salvation from above,  
 We praise Thy name with songs of love.  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen!

2 Forgive us, Father! hear our cry,  
 Oh! let us not in darkness die;  
 Remove from us our moral night,  
 And bless us with a ray of light.  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen!

3 O King of kings! O Fount of life!  
 Turn us from all that leads to strife;  
 Beneath the shadow of Thy wing,  
 Let us our hymns in glory sing.  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! AMEN!

C. D. L. H.

- 133 Eternal, almighty, invisible God !  
 We gratefully enter Thy sacred abode,  
 With rev'rence and love to exalt Thy great  
     name,  
 And loudly thy manifold mercies proclaim.
- 2 As kindred surrounding a family shrine,  
 We here stand assembled for worship  
     divine ;  
 Thy presence, O Lord ! let us all realize,  
 While songs to Thy throne shall in har-  
     mony rise.
- 3 Though angels their voices with mortals  
     unite,  
 And sing of Thy glory from morning to  
     night ;  
 All praises must short of Thy excellence  
     fall,  
 Creator, Protector, and Father of all !
- 4 Oh ! still be the Shepherd of Israel's flock,  
 Progressive in faith let us steadily walk,  
 Made pure by Thy law, to whose promise  
     and threat  
 The seals, both of justice and mercy were  
     set.
- 5 Blest witnesses shall we continue to be,  
 That we have no god nor redeemer but  
     Thee,  
 Thy truth and Thy unity zealous to urge,  
 In life or when brought to eternity's verge.

P. M.

134 We bless Thee, O Lord! as the bountiful  
 Source  
 Of gifts which the seasons renew in their  
 course ;  
 For the showers of *Spring*, whose verdure  
 and bloom  
 Are redeemed by Thy hand from a wintry  
 tomb.

2 In *Summer departed*, the Lord, our Shield,  
 To man all the glory of nature revealed,  
 The light of whose spirit past over the  
 earth,  
 Undimmed by the shadows of sickness or  
 dearth.

3 Thy mercy, O God! let the living extol,  
 When the leaves of the *Autumn* around  
 them fall,  
 Who still with the fruits of abundance are  
 crowned,  
 While death for his sickle no harvest hath  
 found.

4 Thou wilt not forsake in the *Winter* of age,  
 The righteous who praised Thee in life's  
 early stage.  
 The sacrifice, then, of thanksgiving ne'er  
 cease,  
 All ye who are blessed with health, free-  
 dom, and peace.

5 A few may yet weep in the fullness of love,  
 For those whom Thy wisdom thought fit  
 to remove ;



Grieve not when a child in its purity dies,  
From dust as a cherub it soon shall arise.

- 6 Nor long mourn for those who, maturer in  
years,  
Before us have passed from the valley of  
tears;  
Though dead to this world, in a brighter  
abode  
They dwell with their Father, their Friend,  
and their God. P. M.

**135** Extol the King who, throned above,  
And crowned with righteousness and love,  
Hath reigned from the eternal past,  
And shall be Sovereign to the last.

- 2 His praise the morning sun began,  
Ere he the course of nature ran,  
When conscious of a glow divine,  
In majesty he rose to shine.
- 3 His praise the stars of evening sung,  
When they into their orbits sprung,  
And filled the firmament of night,  
With glory from a greater light.
- 4 And earth to its remotest bound,  
Still circulates the joyous sound,  
Rock, wave, and wind, and tree, and flow'r,  
Confess an omnipresent Pow'r.
- 5 Art thou alone, O mortal man!  
A silent witness of that plan,  
By wisdom and by mercy wrought,  
That faith might to thy soul be taught?

- 6 Arise! and with thy heart and voice,  
 In presence of thy God rejoice!  
 For thought and speech to thee belong,  
 For meditative praise and song.

P. M.

**136** All living souls shall bless Thy name,  
 O just and gracious God!  
 All flesh Thy providence proclaim,  
 Thy holy works applaud.

- 2 From age to age will we relate  
 The wonders Thou hast wrought,  
 Delighting to expatiate  
 On all which Thou hast taught.
- 3 Young men and maidens lift the voice,  
 Thy wisdom to extol;  
 And children in Thy praise rejoice,  
 Father and Friend of all!
- 4 But though our hands should be outspread,  
 As are the eagle's wings,  
 To thank Thee for the daily bread,  
 That from Thy bounty springs;
- 5 Though song, like sounding billows, too,  
 Should from our lips proceed;  
 How large a debt would yet be due  
 To Thee, from Jacob's seed!
- 6 Thrice holy, Lord of hosts! art Thou,  
 Ineffable and pure!  
 Before Thy Majesty we bow,  
 Great King, whom we adore.

P. M.

137 Above all honor and all praise,  
 Art Thou exalted, Lord!  
 Yet would our lips in holy lays,  
 Glory to Thee accord.

2 Thy truth transcendeth human thought,  
 Thy love no limit knows;  
 And every precept Thou hast taught,  
 With mercy's spirit glows.

3 Time hath for Thee no present hour,  
 No past or future day;  
 Eternity attests Thy pow'r,  
 And mocks his measured sway.

4 Though brief our mortal period,  
 Let us that knowledge gain,  
 Which brings us near to Thee, O God!  
 And bursts our worldly chain.

5 Oh! let it be our chief delight,  
 From carnal links to free  
 The soul, whose essence, pure and bright,  
 Claims kindred, Lord! with Thee.

P. M.

138 Glory and praise to the bountiful Sire,  
 Whose hand gave to man all his heart  
 could desire,

Placed organs of speech in the temple of  
 thought,

• And the music of prayer from the soul  
 thus brought.

2 O beautiful harmony! spirit and voice

In the praise of their maker together  
 rejoice,  
 His name magnify and His attributes laud,  
 Past, present, and future—the One, only  
 God !

3 Sing, Israel ! sing of that Power Supreme,  
 Whose wisdom reflecting its own chastened  
 beam,  
 On the image of clay upon which it had  
 breathed,  
 To mortals the blessing of reason  
 bequeathed.

4 O ineffable gift ! unparalleled grace !  
 Let it ring through all time, resound  
 through all space,  
 That star of the mind virtue's course  
 indicates,  
 And truth's holy light in its orb  
 concentrates.

5 And though no conception or language of  
 ours,  
 E'en faintly may shadow God's presence or  
 powers ;  
 Let us never forego the music of prayer,  
 Nor anthems of praise that His mercies  
 declare. P. M.

**139** House of Judah, bless the Lord !  
 Let His praise be your delight ;  
 On your hearts His law record,  
 Walk ye in its perfect light.

- 2 Let the poor an altar rear,  
 Though with roughest stones they build ;  
 If the worship be sincere,  
 Faith's high purpose is fulfilled.
- 3 Round that unpretending shrine,  
 Angel visitants shall stand ;  
 'Tis a bethel as divine,  
 As the Luz of holy land.
- 4 By the rich, who oft to pride  
 Cedar palaces erect,  
 Temples should be multiplied  
 Like the fane that Zion decked.
- 5 Yet, if sacrifice in these  
 Rise not up from righteous folds,  
 It will fail that God to please  
 Who but asks *unblemished souls*.
- 6 Bless the Lord, ye rich and poor !  
 E'en as brothers, bless One Sire ;  
 Love fraternal, meek and pure,  
 Feeds devotion's altar-fire.

P. M.

140 If mortal vision may not meet  
 The sun's meridian rays ;  
 But would beneath some cloud retreat,  
 To shun its noontide blaze :

- 2 Oh ! how shall man then elevate  
 The soul's eternal eye  
 To God, the awful aggregate  
 Of suns that never die ?

3 In whom the lights of truth and grace,  
 Of wisdom, justice, love,  
 In one stupendous mind embrace,  
 And in one glory move?

4 As angels cover with their wings,  
 Their dazzled orbs on high,  
 Friendly to faith, kind nature flings  
 'Twixt God and man the sky.

5 Softly the veil thus interposed,  
 Relieves the spirit's gaze,  
 And lips that e'er in fear had closed.  
 Now ope, the Lord to praise.

6 Reflective of Almighty beams,  
 The soul intensely burns,  
 And ever most immortal seems,  
 When heavenward it turns.

P. M.

141 Princes of earth! bend lowly down  
 Before the Lord of hosts,  
 Who sees in holiness a crown,  
 More bright than monarch boasts.

2 And ye, who o'er the free preside  
 With delegated sway,  
 Ask counsel of that gracious Guide,  
 Who bids the light of day,

3 With equal radiance to gild  
 The simplest shrub or flower,  
 As the tall cedar that may build  
 A temple or a tower.

4 Ye erring multitudes who bow  
 To kings of transient date,

To heaven's Sovereign homage bow,  
Whose will controls your fate.

5 God's majesty and mercy sing,  
All ye, whose pleasant lot  
Is cast where freedom's altars spring,  
And where her creed is taught.

6 But whether ye as bondmen live,  
Or freemen's rights possess,  
Praise to the Lord for ever give,  
And all his statutes bless.

P. M.

## 6. MORNING.

142 Refresh'd by sleep, that sovereign balm,  
Which best can human woes assuage,  
My spirit feels a holy calm,  
And pious thoughts my soul engage.

2 That soul which but the previous hour  
Had in the world of dreams been lost,  
And perch'd on many a thornless flower,  
Which fields of *fancy* only boast,

3 Return'd from its wild pilgrimage,  
Sings first unto the Lord of light,  
A heav'nly bird in mortal cage,  
Preparing for its final flight.

4 Hear it, O thou, eternal God!  
And grant the blessing it may crave,  
Cherish it, while on earth's abode,  
Receive it, when beyond the grave.

5 Too often in this narrow vale,  
Its note is saddened by distress;

But whether joy or grief prevail,  
Thy name it shall for ever bless.

- 6 And when it struggles to be free,  
What then is its exalted aim?  
To reach that immortality,  
Where angel hosts Thy praise proclaim.

P. M.

### 7. EVENING.

143 The Lord, a watchful Guardian, reigns  
O'er all created souls;  
His hand the universe sustains,  
His will its course controls.

- 2 Conception, at its utmost height,  
Can never comprehend  
The glory, majesty, and might,  
That in Omniscience blend.

- 3 When musing, I at eventide  
The firmament survey,  
Whose golden orbs, celestial Guide,  
Thy wondrous skill display.

- 4 In silent adoration lost,  
My soul the earth forgets,  
Itself, like that immortal host,  
A star that never sets.

- 5 How great the mercy, vast the love  
Of Providence divine,  
Who thus created worlds above,  
For man's delight to shine!

- 6 Oh! ever in their presence bright,  
Devotion stronger grows,  
Ascending to the God of light,  
Of darkness and repose.

P. M.



## 8 SPRING.

- 144 Holy and everlasting One!  
 With joy we hail the vernal sun,  
 With pride on nature's temple gaze,  
 Where spring her sweet oblation lays.
- 2 Firstlings of fragrance there abound,  
 Blossoms without a blemish found,  
 Off'rings, the Levite e'en might prize,  
 For incense worthy of the skies.
- 3 To strangers now in Palestine,  
 The rose of Sharon we resign,  
 Lilies no more, within its light,  
 Expand to gladden Israel's sight.
- 4 Holy and everlasting One!  
 Glory is from Thy people gone;  
 Yet praises from *their* lips shall gush,  
 Who seem, like Thy own burning bush,
- 5 Endued with some mysterious power,  
 O'er hostile elements to tower;  
 A human branch by Heav'n illumed,  
 Through time to flourish unconsumed.

P. M.

## 9. WINTER.

- 145 Oh! sad is nature's aspect now,  
 When summer-birds no longer sing,  
 And leaves are dying on each bough,  
 That were but infants in the spring.
- 2 So perish youth's ambitious hopes,  
 The foliage of the tree of life,  
 Till every verdant relic drops,  
 Amid the storm of worldly strife.

3 But Providence, for ever kind,  
     Hath left to man *one evergreen*,  
 That, when his blooming hours declined,  
     On the grave's border might be seen.

4 That gift is faith ! the brightest, best,  
     That mercy plants in mortal spheres ;  
 Beneath its shade the spirit blest,  
     Its farewell from this earth prepares.

P. M.

146 How sad the wintry hours seem,  
     When birds are mute and blossoms die,  
 That in the Summer's brighter beam,  
     Sent song and incense to the sky.

2 Will thoughtless man thus meditate,  
     And glean not in his walks abroad,  
 From nature in each varied state,  
     Fresh cause for glorifying God ?

3 The frost that lies upon the earth  
     Is but the shroud of transient death ;  
 And silently for second birth,  
     The plants and herbs prepare beneath.

4 The leafless branch has warned the bird  
     Of winter's desolating sway ;  
 The voice of instinct has been heard,  
     It warbles 'neath a warmer ray.

5 Shepherds their timid flocks secure  
     From blasts that would destroy the shorn,  
 And God, the Pastor of the poor,  
     Protects the feeble and forlorn.

- 6 Author of seasons! teach my mind  
 To view, in each vicissitude,  
 A Providence divine and kind,  
 Whose wonders are for e'er renewed.

P. M.

## 10. PEACE.

- 147 O Thou! who, as the Great Unknown,  
 From pole to pole art glorified,  
 Whose lavish hand, for every zone,  
 Doth gifts appropriate provide—  
 Of Thee a special blessing now  
 Most fervently do we implore,  
 That discord may no shadow throw  
 On freedom's altar evermore.

- 2 Let thrones of righteous judgment here  
 Throughout all future years be found;  
 And may that spirit disappear,  
 Whose breath pollutes her hallowed  
 ground,—  
 That selfish spirit which pursues,  
 (Regardless of a neighbor's right,)  
 Each purpose that promotes its views,  
 Or raises it to power's height.

- 3 Serene, harmonious, and sublime,  
 Let peace prevail from age to age,  
 Untarnished by the stroke of time,  
 Or rude assault of jealous rage.  
 From civil conflict keep us free,  
 Abhorrent to the pious mind—  
 And grant us, Father, peace with Thee,  
 With conscience, and with all mankind.

P. M.

148 Is there within the world's wide bound  
 A place where peace may e'er be found?  
 Oh! not in palaces of pride  
 Will Heaven's messenger abide.

2 With glory she will not sojourn,  
 But from its trophies trembling turn,  
 Nor long with human love remain,  
 That born on earth, must bear its stain.

3 She passeth not the gates of sin,  
 Nor want nor wealth her smile can win;  
 She droppeth not her olive-leaf  
 Upon the couch of pain or grief.

4 What being then on mortal ground,  
 By peace hath ever yet been crowned?  
 She dwelleth as a seraph guest,  
 With such as succor the oppress.

5 Her blessing ever is with those  
 Who freely will forgive their foes,  
 Who, firm in faith, in feeling pure,  
 The One Eternal God adore.

P. M.

## 11. OUR COUNTRY.

149 Father of nations! Judge divine!  
 From Thy blessed realms above  
 Thine ear to prayers and hymns incline,  
 Breathed by patriotic love.  
 Is there one upon this earth,  
 Who in welfare or in woe,  
 For the country of his birth,  
 Feels not sympathy's strong glow?

- 2 Oh! may we not this feeling trace  
 To creation's primal date?  
 When the great parent of our race  
 Felt the exile's bitter fate?  
 His first tears were not for toil,  
 But for his lost flower-land—  
 Paradise, *his* native soil,  
 Closed on him by God's command.
- 3 That pure sentiment was nursed  
 When man's innocence had waned;  
 His progeny, where'er dispersed,  
 Kept this virtue unprofaned.  
*Native to all human kind*  
*Is the sod of Liberty!*  
 Where no tyrant's law may bind  
 Souls by nature's God made free.
- 4 Brethren! let hearts and voices blend  
 In one deep and earnest prayer,  
 That Heaven's blessings may descend  
 Upon Freedom's hallowed sphere;  
 Where untrammelled faith may sing  
 Fearless of the bigot's frown,  
 But to *One Celestial* King  
 Bowing her pure spirit down.
- 5 Where, upon wisdom's equal plan,  
 Conscience no controller dreads,  
 Secure that on the rights of man  
 No usurping despot treads;  
 Where unto the highest throne,  
 Free-will offerings are brought,  
 Homage to that One alone,  
 In whose image we are wrought.

- 6 Fountain of justice, truth, and peace !  
 May these virtues animate,  
 Until life itself shall cease,  
 All the sons of freedom's state.  
 Grant, that when transferred to earth,  
 (As religion's charter shows,)  
 In heaven, where our souls had birth,  
 They at last may find repose. P. M.

## 12. PENITENCE.

150 Oh ! answer me, my God ! this day  
 Of abstinence and prayer ;  
 Put my transgressions far away,  
 And soften my despair.

2 Answer me, Thou ! in whom alone  
 A Saviour I behold,  
 When I confess before Thy throne  
 My frailties manifold.

3 But in what language shall I paint  
 The depth of my remorse,  
 For sins of free-will and constraint,  
 Done in my evil course ?

4 The vast, the awful aggregate,  
 My conscious soul confounds ;  
 Pity, O Lord ! and meliorate  
 Thy servant's moral wounds.

5 Oh ! answer me, eternal King !  
 When, overwhelmed with shame,  
 I to Thy sacred altar cling,  
 And call upon Thy name.

- 6 Sinner in practice and in speech,  
 Yet dare I hope for grace ;  
 For angel-mercy fills the breach  
 Where wrath once found a place. P. M.

(Partially paraphrased from the 51st Psalm.)

- 151 Have mercy on Thy servant, Lord !  
 According to Thy loving kindness ;  
 And from my spirit ever ward  
 That worst of evils—moral blindness.
- 2 Oft doth the world man's deeds applaud,  
 His seeming righteousness believing ;  
 But Thy all-searching eye, O God !  
 There is no power of deceiving.
- 3 This witnesses each guilty thought,  
 Watches each criminal impression,  
 Long, long before it has been wrought  
 Into an active, bold transgression.
- 4 Wisdom that in the inward part,  
 With pure truth should in alliance dwell,  
 Forsakes too oft my feeble heart,  
 Prone against Thy statutes to rebel.
- 5 Oh ! wash me with Thy gracious hand,  
 Thou whose judgments e'er are justified,  
 That in Thy presence I may stand,  
 From unhallowed passions purified.
- 6 Thoroughly cleansed by Thee alone  
 Can the children of corruption be ;  
 No *hyssop* upon earth is known  
 That can from stain the spirit free.

7 Oh! give me, Father, some kind token,  
 That Thou wilt change to songs of  
 gladness,  
 Prayers that from a spirit broken,  
 Have been breathed here in contrite  
 sadness.

8 With sacrifice Thou wilt dispense,  
 Glorious Author of Creation!  
 But to the soul that sin repents  
 Hast promised pardon and salvation.

P. M.

## ISAIAH, CHAP. LVIII.

152 Leaders of Israel, arise!  
 Shout with a trumpet-tone,  
 The Lord, our God, ne'er sanctifies  
 Fasts of the flesh alone.

2 Behold! in strife and loud debate,  
 Your sinful lives are spent;  
 Falsehood ye freely circulate,  
 To nourish discontent.

3 And ye for trespasses like these,  
 The flesh would mortify;  
 Such sacrifice will ne'er appease  
 The Sov'reign of the sky.

4 Thy brother from the yoke release,  
 Thy neighbor's burden bear;  
 Speak to the widow words of peace,  
 The orphan's loss repair.

5 Then glorious as morning light  
 Shall ye be seen to shine;  
 Such deeds find grace in Heaven's sight,  
 And soften wrath divine.

P. M.



- 153 What painful mem'ries from the buried  
       past  
 Doth conscience rouse, my soul in gloom  
       to cast!  
 Her whisper changing to a tone as loud,  
 As when the thunder rends the summer  
       cloud.
- 2 Remorse now speaks of sabbath-days  
       profaned,  
 That some poor gift of fortune might be  
       gained,  
 Of shrines neglected, by the righteous built,  
 And perseverance in the path of guilt.
- 3 God's grace, made manifest by word and  
       sign,  
 Could not to holiness my heart incline;  
*The sin of Achan* in my spirit strove  
 Against each token of a Father's love.
- 4 For wealth I prayed, and labored from my  
       youth.  
 In search of this I lost the way of truth;  
 And when bereavement brought me to the  
       dust,  
 I dared, O God! to say, Thou wert unjust.
- 5 But now for riches that can ne'er decay,  
 For precious faith that passeth not away,  
 For vital godliness that ever shines  
 More bright than gems, or gold from  
       earthly mines,
- 6 The heaven of Thy bounty I entreat,  
 And cast myself before Thy mercy-seat;

Time cannot tarnish, nor can rust corrode,  
 The treasures garnered in the Lord's  
 abode. P. M.

154 Oh! worship not at glory's shrine,  
 Nor bow to wealth or pow'r;  
 False are their gifts, though held divine  
 By beings of an hour.

2 They bring not to thy couch of pain  
 Balm-drops to ease thy breast;  
 They take not from thy soul the stain  
 That robs thee of thy rest.

3 The work of faith cannot be done,  
 When these the spirit move;  
 They lead thee from the Holy One,  
 The God of truth and love.

4 Look well unto thy *soul's estate*!  
 It needeth all thy care,  
 From sin's rank growth to extricate  
 The germ God planted there.

5 Oh! then ere vanisheth thy prime,  
 Pray to the Lord Supreme,  
 That righteousness, in future time,  
 Past errors may redeem. P. M.

155 Unto Thine altar, King of kings!  
 Each contrite worshiper now clings,  
 While self-accusing conscience reads  
 The record of all past misdeeds,  
 Imploring grace at ev'ry pause,  
 For breach of thy great moral laws.

- 2 Oh ! can the tongue, to falsehood prone,  
 Send its appeals to Heaven's throne,  
 Where truth exalted and refined,  
 (Pure essence of a perfect mind,)  
 Supreme in holy beauty sits,  
 And light ineffable transmits?
- 3 Can he who justice has abhorred,  
 Believe *that* Power will accord  
 Pardon to him, who has transgressed  
 Statutes, that human wrongs redressed?  
 Sternly the upright spirit frowns  
 On mortals who o'erleap its bounds.
- 4 O God ! though great my sins may be,  
 From stains like these my soul is free.  
 Perverseness, arrogance, and pride  
 Have oft Thy precepts set aside ;  
 For evil, both in word and deed,  
 Forgiveness doth Thy servant need.
- 5 But Thou the penitent will raise,  
 Who humbly at thy altar prays.  
 Stretch out Thy right hand to the meek,  
 Sustain the desolate and weak ;  
 And in the book of mercy write,  
 The broken-hearted and contrite. P. M.

156 Exalted theme of human praise,  
 In filial confidence I raise  
 To Thee the voice of prayer ;  
 Burthened with guilt and shame and grief,  
 Father in heaven ! for relief  
 To Thee I still repair.

2 *Thou* seest the shadows of my heart,  
 To man it turns its sunny part,  
     Ashamed of passion's storm.  
 In Thy compassion I confide,  
 O gentle Judge and gracious Guide!  
     My frailties to reform.

3 Meekly will I Thy chastening bear,  
 And sackcloth on my spirit wear,  
     For trespass to atone;  
 But pity e'er transcends Thine ire,  
 When to Thy footstool, Holy Sire!  
     Sin hath for mercy flown.

4 Now let that attribute divine,  
 Upon contrition's tear-drops shine,  
     And like a rainbow rest  
 On the horizon of my soul,  
 Till ev'ry cloud shall from it roll,  
     And leave it pure and blest. P. M.

## PSALM CI.

157 From my voice shall virtue's praise  
     proceed,  
     Though my heart bears corruption's  
     blot?

Oft shall I repeat her holy creed,  
     Yet act as though I knew it not?

2 God of mercy! though this moral grace  
     A stranger to my breast hath been,  
 Turn not from a penitent Thy face,  
     Who would a better life begin.

- 3 An humble pilgrim seeks Thy dwelling,  
Virtue to bless and glorify,  
No more against her laws rebelling,  
But in their light to live and die.
- 4 My tent no flatterer shall profane,  
Favor to win by converse bland,  
Nor my household sanctuary stain,  
By aught that breaks the Lord's  
command.
- 5 Whatsoe'er with duty may conflict,  
Shall ever from my mind be cast,  
Which by discipline, severe and strict,  
May excellence attain at last.
- 6 Ne'er to me in vain shall widows plead,  
Nor helpless children of the dead ;  
To those in sorrow's dwelling will I speed,  
With portion of my daily bread.
- 7 By my Father's will, am I not bound  
To share with my poorer brothers  
Manna that, gathered upon my ground,  
Out-measures the grain of others ?
- 8 As a house of God shall be my home,  
Where I in innocence will walk,  
Nor shall scorners o'er my threshold  
come,  
Domestic piety to mock.
- 9 My song to virtue consecrated,  
Revives her image in my soul,  
Which to its God now elevated,  
Counsel implores for its control.

158 Cast me not from Thy presence, Lord !  
 When at Thy gracious hands  
 Forgiveness humbly is implored,  
 For breach of Thy commands.

2 Past years like frowning spectres rise,  
 My spirit to upbraid,  
 Which pleased with folly's enterprise,  
 The task of faith delayed ;

3 The task of plucking vicious weeds,  
 And planting in their stead,  
 Imperishable moral seeds,  
 By godly culture spread.

4 For sins against Thy holy laws,  
 Behold me self-arraigned !  
 For coldness in religion's cause,  
 For passions unrestrained.

5 Thy frequent gifts with feeble praise  
 Did I for e'er requite ;  
 And murmurs loud presumed to raise  
 At chastisements, though slight.

6 At Heaven's bar I now appear,  
 A culprit before God ;  
 Hearken, O Mercy ! to my prayer,  
 Ere justice lifts the rod.

7 Turn not Thy countenance away,  
 When pardon I entreat ;  
 But let the beams of pity play  
 Around Thy judgment seat.

P. M.

159 Stranger to that pure ambition,  
 Which to godliness aspires,

Man forgetting his high mission,  
Cherisheth but vain desires.

- 2 What is it for which he toileth,  
Rising early, resting late?  
Things that time's strong finger spoileth  
By the great decree of fate.
- 3 Power, riches, reputation,  
Draw him from the *one true shrine*;  
These receive his adoration,  
Due but to the Lord Divine.
- 4 Look within the lofty palace:  
What is it we there behold?  
Venal thirst and vengeful malice,  
Dropping gall in cups of gold.
- 5 Oh! repent of all your errors,  
Ere the light of life departs;  
Wait not until dying terrors  
Wring confession from your hearts.

P. M.

**160** Mournfully chant! for our choir accords  
In sadness of soul with Zion's exiles;  
Plaintive their melodies, pensive their  
words,  
Tears of repentance now banishing  
smiles.

- 2 Who will to Israel comfort impart?  
Who shall his spirit from sorrow release,  
Bind up the wounds of his penitent heart,  
Bring the glad tidings of pardon and  
peace?

3 *Thou*, Thou alone, who o'er Egypt's red  
     wave,  
     (When the proud tyrant Thy people  
     opprest,)  
 Did'st rise in majesty, Judah to save,  
     And redeemed it with Thy covenant  
     blest,—

4 *Thou*, Thou alone, O ineffable God!  
     Hope to the contrite canst ever dispense;  
 Though in the pathway of guilt we have  
     trod,  
     Mercy will plead for the soul that  
     repents. P. M.

161 Woe unto Zion! she is spoiled  
     Of all that made her proud;  
 God's anger hath her beauty foiled,  
     And covered with a cloud.

2 She spreadeth forth her feeble hands,  
     But none will comfort yield;  
 She hath transgressed the Lord's  
     commands,  
     Her refuge once and shield.

3 Her elders sit upon the ground,  
     And troubled silence keep;  
 With sackcloth they are girded—round  
     Her ruined shrine they weep.

4 Mothers, to nature's instinct dead,  
     Upon their infants prey;  
 Youth struggles with the hoary head,  
     'Neath famine's horrid sway.



5 The conqueror thy Sabbath mocks,  
     Oh Salem! in his pride;  
 The fox upon thy mountain walks,  
     Thy foe is magnified.

6 Woe unto us that we have erred!  
     For this our hearts despair;  
 But let compassion now be stirred,  
     Turn not from Israel's prayer!      P. M.

162 Oh! plaintive be the touch and tone  
     Of instrument and voice;  
 A shadow on the heart is thrown,  
     It cannot now rejoice.

2 We sing of sorrow upon earth,  
     When evil passions woke,  
 And sin, on those of mortal birth,  
     Fastened its iron yoke.

3 Behold in tears a captive band  
     'Neath Shinar's willows move,  
 Writhing beneath rebellion's brand,  
     Mourning the land they love.

4 Wisely did we the warning take,  
     And from their guilt abstain:  
 O God! Thy statutes still we break,  
     Still slaves to sin remain.

5 Yet blest are we who, tho' afar  
     From Zion's sacred fold,  
 Have found a shrine 'neath freedom's star,  
     Where faith is uncontrolled.

6 Oh! hither bring those pearls of price  
     Which Mercy will accept,—

Contrition's purest sacrifice,  
Tears for transgression wept.

P. M.

- 163 Creator of the universe !  
When I before Thee would rehearse  
The trespasses of years,—  
Standing on judgment's awful brink,  
In terror from the task I shrink,  
Oppressed by rising fears.
- 2 Thy consecrated festivals  
To me have been no solemn calls  
To penitence and prayer,  
Deserted was Thy dwelling-place,  
Unheeded all Thy acts of grace  
And providential care.
- 3 Traitor to holiness, I strove  
Its force and beauty to disprove,  
Its excellence to doubt;  
No loveliness in faith I saw,  
Nor felt that spiritual awe  
Which fills the soul devout.
- 4 Thus have I lived unsanctified,  
The slave of prejudice and pride,  
The foe of sacred truth,—  
List'ning to pleasure's serpent hiss,  
Who, with a bribe of worldly bliss,  
Beguiled me from my youth.
- 5 Roused by the cornet's warning blast,  
I looked upon the vanished past,  
And wept for wasted years ;  
But thou wilt ope compassion's gate,  
And all my guilt obliterate,  
God of supernal spheres !

P. M.

## VI. SABBATH HYMNS.

- 164 Gather and worship! The first star of eve  
 To usher the Sabbath in glory appears,  
 As that day of rest comes from gloom to  
     relieve  
 The spirits that toil in the valley of  
     tears.
2. Gather and worship! Can Judah forget  
 The soul-cheering promise of Mercy  
     supreme?  
 Though few, where the righteous in God's  
     name are met,  
 On these shall the light of His counte-  
     nance beam.
- 3 Gather and worship! These hours serene  
 To labors of holiness e'er dedicate;  
 With waters of penitence make your  
     hearts clean,  
 Or meekly the woes of the poor mitigate.
- 4 Gather and worship! The stars as they  
     move,  
 To faith, in their orbits of glory appear  
 Like Sabbath-lamps, lighted by angels  
     above,  
 To lure human hearts to their own  
     house of prayer.
- 5 Gather and worship! The power of time  
 Shall cause every planet in heaven to  
     wane;

But *there*, ever fixed, is a star more  
 sublime,  
 The soul that on earth has contracted  
 no stain. P. M.

- 165 Daughters of Israel, arise !  
 The Sabbath-morn to greet,  
 Send songs and praises to the skies,  
 Than frankincense more sweet.
- 2 Take heed, lest ye the drift mistake  
 Of Heaven's hallowed hours,  
 And from those dreams too late awake,  
 That show you but life's flowers.
- 3 Leave not the spirit unarrayed,  
 To deck the mortal frame ;  
 With gems of grace let woman aid  
 Charms, that from nature came.
- 4 With jewels of a gentle mind,  
 More precious far than gold,  
 Brightened by love, by faith refined,  
 And set in chastest mould.
- 5 Wife ! mother ! sister ! on ye all  
 A tender task devolves ;  
 Child, husband, brother, on ye call  
 To nerve their best resolves.
- 6 Your hands must gird the buckler on,  
 The moral weapons cleanse,  
 By which that battle may be won,  
 That in self-conquest ends. P. M.

166 It is the solemn Sabbath-day,  
 Let praise to God ascend ;

In holiness thy soul array,  
And worldly thoughts suspend.

2 Come forth, ye weary sons of care,  
Toil-worn and grief-opprest,  
To heaven send a grateful pray'r,  
For these calm hours of rest.

3 Let not the poorest of ye ask  
Of Providence, (long tried,)  
"If I forego my daily task,  
Whose hand will bread provide?"

4 Remember *that* celestial food  
To Israel ordained,  
When Mercy *double* portions strewed,  
Lest Sabbath be profaned.

5 With ten-fold gifts will God repay  
The transient loss incurred;  
But tremble ye! who disobey  
The mandate of the Lord.

P. M.

167 He spoke—and thro' the gloom profound  
Effulgent light its glory shed;  
He breathed—and all the earth around  
With living myriads soon was spread.

2 How vast, how *holy* was the love,  
That blest us with these gifts divine,  
While angels, in the choir above,  
Sung praises round His heavenly shrine.

3 Nature in primal beauty glow'd,  
*Her* incense, too, to heaven ascending;  
On every side rich blessings flow'd,  
His mercy with His goodness blending.

- 4 Still o'er these works of grandeur rose  
 A radiant beam—a heavenly ray—  
 The holy rest, the calm repose,  
 That sanctified the Sabbath-day.
- 5 In sacred song our voices swelling,  
 Let hallelujahs peal around,  
 While seraphs, near His starry dwelling,  
 Shall echo back the grateful sound.

C. M. C.

- 168 Source of mercy, truth and grace!  
 Humbly we this Sabbath-day,  
 In Thy holy dwelling-place,  
 Grateful adoration pay.
- 2 Ere these hours of rest depart,  
 Man! recall each past misdeed.  
 This will purify thy heart,  
 And extract corruption's seed.
- 3 Self-exalted dost thou stand,  
 Whilst thy *neighbor* is decried?  
 Listen to the Lord's command,  
 Love shall supersede thy pride.
- 4 Hast thou dared the *poor* to spurn,  
 Though with every virtue graced?  
 With confusion shalt thou learn,  
 These are far *above* thee placed.
- 5 Is the guilt of *slander* thine?  
 Thou wilt shudder at thy wrong,  
 When thou hearest wrath divine  
 Hath denounced its serpent-tongue.
- 6 Let the *hypocrite* reflect,  
 That a spirit-searching God,

Will his evil ways detect,  
And avenge with penal rod.

- 7 For this pure and noble end  
Was the Sabbath set apart :  
May the Lord of life extend  
Peace to each repentant heart! P. M.

**169** With joyful heart I greet again  
This holy day of rest,  
To chant within the sacred fane,  
And bow at Thy behest.

- 2 On Thee, O God ! my hopes rely,  
Thy name be ever praised ;  
Vouchsafe to bless and sanctify  
These strains devoutly raised.

- 3 Oh ! banish hence, far from my mind,  
All evil thoughts away,  
And grant my soul may favor find  
On this, Thy holy day.

- 4 And at the altar as I bend,  
To supplicate Thy care,  
In mercy, Lord ! Thy blessing send  
Upon my humble prayer. G. L.

**170** God of the Sabbath ! to Thy praise,  
As once in Zion's palmy days,  
The organ sweetly swells ;  
While thousands to Thy temples throng,  
And in alternate prayer and song,  
Send up their meek appeals.

- 2 Gently we lay our burdens down,  
Where faith assumes her Sabbath-crown.  
And wears the robe of peace ;  
When from the web of worldly strife,  
We draw that golden thread of life.  
The seventh day's release.
- 3 But think not 'tis enough, that we  
Our hands from servile labor free.  
On this most holy day :  
If malice in the soul still works,  
If *there* one spark of anger lurks.  
In vain we sing and pray.
- 4 When shall the jubilee begin,  
That from the slavery of sin,  
Man's spirit shall redeem ?  
Not till we plant with pious toil,  
On Sabbaths, in the moral soil,  
The law of God supreme.

P. M.

171 In harmony with Heaven's peace,  
Sabbath's deep repose descends,  
From toil the weary to release,  
The sordid draw from worldly ends.  
Lord ! let devotion fill our hearts.  
Ere time's serenest day departs.

- 2 Rest, worshipers ! and pray and sing,  
To the Healer of all woes,  
From whose exhaustless, balmy spring  
Consolation ever flows.  
Here will the burthened spirit gain  
Courage, all trials to sustain.
- 3 Thine, Father ! is the mighty will,  
And Thine the gracious power,



The tumults of the mind to still,  
 In sorrow's stormy hour.  
 Nor e'er unsolaced shall they grieve,  
 Who righteously Thy word receive.

- 4 O God! let passion's flood recede  
 From Thy hallowed dwelling-place,  
 Lest from the soul Thy moral creed  
 Its wild current may efface;  
 And from that *inner temple* sweep  
 The statutes we should therein keep.
- 5 Hear us! when we uplift our hands  
 In fervent supplication,  
 That Thou wilt bless and speed all plans  
 For freedom's preservation;  
 And o'er the country of our love,  
 Let peace, the Sabbath-angel, move.
- 6 Come, ye afflicted and forlorn!  
 To this consecrated shrine,  
 Where e'en the breast by anguish torn  
 Care forgets in rest divine—  
 In the fullness of devotion,  
 Merging every sad emotion.

P. M.

172 Now let the hand of toil suspend  
 Its daily task severe,  
 And youth and age their voices blend,  
 In glad and grateful prayer.

- 2 Behold! the Sabbath sun appears  
 Beneficent and bright,  
 As if it drew from higher spheres  
 A part of Mercy's light!

- 3 Pause ye, whom sordid schemes engross;  
 In virtue's balance weighed,  
 Your present gain is future loss,  
 Your substance but a shade.
- 4 And ye, whom pleasure can beguile,  
 From piety to stray,  
 Pause! and 'gainst her hollow smile,  
 God's awful frown array.
- 5 Come hither, ye by sorrow bowed!  
 For pure and earnest prayer  
 Hath power to dispel each cloud.  
 Of mortal grief and care.
- 6 The mourner's failing hope revives,  
 Beneath that sacred dome,  
 Where faith divine a promise gives,  
 Of Sabbaths yet to come. P. M.

- 173** Praise the Lord God, the glorious  
 Supreme!  
 Whose Sabbath we the highest gift esteem,  
 By His munificence on man bestowed,  
 Since first on earth the fount of mercy  
 flowed.
- 2 Praise the ineffable, eternal One!  
 Whose holy will with rev'rence should be  
 done,  
 Who to angelic hosts proclaimed on high,  
*This* day for ever shall ye sanctify!
- 3 O crowning evidence of love and grace!  
 O best of blessings to the human race!  
 Shall we thy lustre dim by deeds impure,  
 Seeking some worldly treasure to secure.

- 4 Let it not be ! Let feeling, thought, and  
word,  
With this day's sweet serenity accord ;  
In vain the hand its daily task foregoes,  
If the *mind* labors and rejects repose.
- 5 There is a soil *within* that culture needs—  
A moral field o'errun with evil weeds—  
These to extract, this holy time employ,  
Lest they the growth of righteousness  
destroy.
- 6 Be this, O Israel ! your sacred task,  
And not in vain shall ye God's blessing  
ask :  
Sing hallelujahs, children of His choice,  
And in the Sabbath of the Lord rejoice.

P. M.

## EZEKIEL, XX., v. 20.

- 174 Hallow my Sabbaths ! Will Israel respond,  
With filial delight, to his Father's  
command ?  
Or sever by trespass the holiest bond  
That ever was signed by His merciful  
hand ?
- 2 Hallow my Sabbaths ! Elect of all nations,  
The voice of the prophet is lifted in  
*vain* ;  
Earth taketh from heaven your vows and  
oblations,  
Your prayer is for *power*—your precept  
is *gain*.

- 3 Hallow my Sabbaths ! Can Jeshurun  
falter,  
When God for a *single day's sacrifice*  
pleads ?  
Void is the temple, and vacant the altar,  
The world's profane service His worship  
impedes.
- 4 Hallow my Sabbaths ! The hand of life's  
dial  
Moves rapidly on, in its limited sphere,  
While faith keeps her eye on that hour of  
trial,  
When man must his soul to Omnipotence  
bear.
- 5 Hallow my Sabbaths ! By this ye shall  
merit,  
With angels in bright convocation to  
meet,  
The kingdom of Heaven for e'er to inherit,  
And sing with the saints before God's  
mercy-seat.

P. M.

175 Prepare and purify my heart,  
Thou who receivest mortal prayer !  
Its Sabbath-thoughts to set apart  
From every worldly hope and fear.

- 2 Oh ! lead my spirit far away,  
From evil haunts of human-kind ;  
Withdraw it from the fragile clay,  
In which Thou hast its light enshrined.
- 3 Let not Thy servant pass unblest,  
From mercy's hallowed dwelling-place ;

There, when my frailties are confest,  
Give me assurance of Thy grace. P. M.

176 Rest for the Lord ! The work is done,  
That order out of chaos brought,  
Gave to the firmament a sun,  
To man—the glorious light of *thought*.

2 Rest for the new-created globe !  
Forth went the law of love divine,  
And peace put on her purest robe,  
And smiling stood at Eden's shrine.

3 Brighter the flower-altar grew,  
As there the Sabbath-angel prayed,  
That her own spirit might imbue  
All that by Mercy had been made.

4 But when serenity departs,  
And sin has closed its golden gate ;  
When thorns spring up in human hearts,  
And tears reveal man's altered state :

5 Most sensibly will sons of earth,  
(Of costly knowledge once possess,)  
Appreciate the real worth  
Of hallowed periodic rest.

6 O ye ! whose paradise is found,  
Not where the leaves of truth expand,  
But where the fruits of wealth abound,  
Remember Heaven's great command.

7 Six days to labor ye may give,  
But on the seventh shall repose,  
That in the land ye long may live,  
Which with God's bounty overflows.

- 8 Fulfilled—ye shall in spheres above,  
 (Where centuries like hours roll,)  
 Enjoy the gift of perfect love—  
 Th' eternal Sabbath of the soul. P. M.

177 Praise to the God of nations sing,  
 Who in sublime repose,  
 Bade Sabbath into being spring,  
 Creation's work to close.

- 2 The solace which this day of rest  
 To suff'ring mortals brings,  
 Must take from ev'ry troubled breast  
 The sharpest of its stings.

- 3 Banished from Eden, and bereaved  
 By guilt of all its flow'rs,  
 Oh! how would toiling man have grieved,  
 But for these hallowed hours.

- 4 Yet, oh! beware, lest sin once more  
 In God's own temple creep,  
 And tempt thy spirit as before,  
 When faith was lulled to sleep.

- 5 Though now the proffered fruit be gold,  
 Turn from the gift away,—  
 For this, immortal souls are sold  
 On Heaven's holy day.

- 6 Upon thy conscience leave no stain,  
 So durable and deep,  
 As that of giving up to *gain*  
 The Sabbath angels keep. P. M.

## VII. FESTIVAL HYMNS.

## 1. NEW YEAR.

178 Between the past and future year,  
 We pause awhile in our career,  
 Two voices to attend ;  
 One speaks of life, and light, and bloom,  
 One warns us of the unseen tomb,  
 To which all must descend.

2 *Experience and hope* thus stand,  
 Addressing all the human band,  
 As on they swiftly speed ;  
*Young* pilgrims but the promise hear,  
 That time in every coming year  
 Will but to pleasure lead.

3 Few, even of maturest age,  
 Can that grave wisdom long engage,  
 Which for reflection calls ;  
 Still blind and rash, they forward pass,  
 The last few minutes of their glass  
 Wasting in mirth's gay halls.

4 Oh! listen to the warning tone,  
 In sorrow sent from mem'ry's throne,  
 Ye children of the dust !  
 No falsehood rests upon the tongue,  
 That counsels both the old and young,  
 In God alone to trust.

5 Oh! what a crowd of by-gone things,  
 Home to the heart remembrance brings,  
 At our annual feast ;

- Many with smiles their kindred greet,  
 Some weeping, show each vacant seat  
 Once filled by friends deceased.
- 6 Look round on nature's varied scene,  
 What chequered objects lie between  
 The cradle and the bier—  
 The sunbeam and the stormy cloud,  
 The wedding-raiment and the shroud  
 Sadden, by turns, and cheer.
- 7 Now on that *inner being* gaze,  
 Where passion oft its shadow lays  
 On all that once was bright ;  
 Where pride so frequently expels  
 That love in which God's likeness dwells,  
 Reflecting moral light.
- 8 Remember that a day, an hour,  
 May place beyond all mortal pow'r  
 Forgiveness to bestow ;  
 Let not the New Year's sun decline,  
 Ere ye have vowed before this shrine  
 Resentment to forego.
- 9 Put off each ling'ring weakness now,  
 Faith will your minds with strength endow,  
 Self-conquest to achieve ;—  
 Will give you fortitude to bear  
 The chastenings, frequent and severe,  
 Ye may on earth receive.
- 10 Oh ! then shall Mercy's hand record  
 That blessed, that benignant word :  
*Pardon* to sinful man !  
 Whose soul, triumphant o'er decay,  
 To *that* world shall direct its way,  
 Which knows no annual span.



- 179 Into the tomb of ages past  
 Another year hath now been cast :  
 Shall time, unheeded, take its flight,  
 Nor leave one ray of moral light,  
 That on man's pilgrimage may shine,  
 And lead his soul to spheres divine ?
- 2 Ah ! which of us, if self-reviewed,  
 Can boast unfailing rectitude ?  
 Who can declare his wayward will  
 More prone to righteous deeds than ill ?  
 Or, in his retrospect of life,  
 No traces find of passion's strife ?
- 3 A "still small voice," as time departs,  
 Bids us inspect our secret hearts,  
 Whose hidden depths too oft contain  
 Some *spot*, which suffered to remain,  
 Will (slight at first) by sad neglect  
 The hue of *vice* at last reflect.
- 4 With firm resolve your bosoms nerve  
 The God of truth alone to serve,  
 Speech, thought, and act to regulate,  
 By what His perfect laws dictate ;  
 Nor from His sanctuary stray,  
 By worldly idols lured away.
- 5 Peace to the house of Israel !  
 May joy within it ever dwell !  
 May sorrow on the opening year,  
 Forgetting its accustomed tear,  
 With smiles again fond kindred meet,  
 With hopes revived the festal greet !

P. M.

- 180 Morn breaks upon Moriah's height :  
 A father and his only son

- There bow towards the rising light,  
And humbly say, God's will be done!
- 2 With trembling hand but faithful heart,  
The sire binds his sinless boy,  
Prepared with that sweet pledge to part,  
Which he who lent would now destroy.
- 3 On Sarah most his thoughts were bent,  
When she no more should meet her  
child;  
But mourn within her lonely tent  
For him, the pure, the undefiled.
- 4 Yet firmly Abram grasps the blade:  
But e'er the fatal stroke descends,  
A beam hath round the victim played,  
An angel o'er the altar bends:
- 5 Forbear! the test of faith is o'er!  
Unbind the sacrificial cord!  
Yon Heav'n provided ram secure,  
To bleed and burn before the Lord.
- 6 Blow, blow the trumpet of gladness now!  
God's clemency and love confess!  
Who hath fulfilled His solemn vow,  
In Isaac's seed the earth to bless.

P. M.

181 Look down, O God! with gracious eye  
On Thy worshipers contrite!  
And let each penitential sigh,  
Thy compassion now excite.  
When we Thy sanctuary seek,  
In solemn prayer, with spirit meek,  
Past transgressions to declare,

No judge relentless wilt Thou prove,  
 But with a father's boundless love,  
 Pardon grant on this New Year.

2 Look down in mercy, mighty King!  
 Upon our domestic spheres—  
 Remove from these whate'er may bring  
 Remorse in our future years.  
 From our beloved home-circles keep  
 The shadows dark and sorrows deep,  
 Encountered in life's career.  
 Banish from there all passions stern,  
 And to the course of virtue turn  
 Our hearts on this New Year.

3 Look down upon this city, Lord!  
 And all danger and distress  
 From its remotest limits ward,  
 With parental tenderness.  
 Increase, kind Providence! the store  
 Of the honest, laboring poor,  
 Who in mind Thy statutes bear;  
 \* Relieve the sons of want and woe,  
 That tears may not be seen to flow  
 On the birth of this New Year.

4 Look down and bless, eternal King!  
 Thy holy habitation,  
 Where sinners to Thy altar cling,  
 In contrite supplication.  
 Not for ourselves alone we pray—  
 For fellow-creatures gone astray  
 We implore forgiveness *here!*  
 O God! when we depart from hence,  
 In heaven may our soul commence  
 Immortality's New Year.

## 2. DAY OF ATONEMENT.

182 My heart is bared to Thee, O Lord !  
 Rêbellious oft against Thy laws ;  
 My frailties *justice* must record,  
 But, oh ! let *mercy* plead my cause.

2 That angel finds a saving grace,  
 Where sterner truth but guilt describes ;  
 Her shrine is still a shelt'ring place,  
 To which the trembling sinner flies.

3 To other gods I've gone astray,  
 Idols of man's own fabrication,  
 Riches and fame, that flee away,  
 And leave the soul in desolation.

4 I've dwelt with unrelenting stress,  
 Upon my neighbor's lightest sin,  
 And looked with partial tenderness  
 Upon the deeper taint within.

5 Proud, covetous, vindictive, vain,  
 Thy contrite servant oft hath been ;  
 Yet from Thy chast'ning rod refrain,  
 O God ! and let me pardon win.

6 Thus have I rent the flimsy veil,  
 That hid my heart's deformity,  
 Not yet beyond salvation's pale,  
 If mercy will but plead for me. P. M.

183 Lord of the world ! when I behold  
 The ling'ring shadows of the night,  
 Far, far from the horizon rolled,  
 By the effulgent source of light—

- 2 Cheered is my soul, howe'er oppressed ;  
     For thus it trusts will mercy's ray  
     Shine on the penitential breast,  
     And chase the clouds of sin away.
- 3 Yet, while my eye from nature takes  
     A token that may hope convey,  
     A secret dread my spirit shakes,  
     O God ! upon this fearful day.
- 4 The mourner's dust should strew my head,  
     The shroud my fitting raiment prove ;  
     For now my sentence must be read  
     By the eternal Judge above.
- 5 Woe, woe is me ! the vain, the proud,  
     The votary of idle mirth ;  
     E'en as a bulrush am I bowed,  
     By conscious frailty to the earth.
- 6 Peace, mortal man ! nor in despair  
     Forget there is a mighty Hand,  
     Which can redemption's standard rear,  
     And break corruption's iron band.
- 7 But, oh ! if thou wouldst grace entreat  
     Of Him who rends the yoke of sin,  
     That mercy let thy brother meet,  
     Which thou wouldst from thy Father win.
- 8 The wicked Thou wilt not forsake,  
     Almighty Sovereign and Sire !  
     But from their hearts defilement shake,  
     And love of purity inspire.
- 9 Shepherd of Israel ! Thy rod  
     Hath driven us from Zion's fold ;  
     Let us, through righteousness, O God !  
     The better land of faith behold.

P. M.

184 Eternal love is Thine, O God !  
 Oh ! let me not in error stray,  
 But chasten with a gentle rod,  
 And lead me back to virtue's way.

2 With penitential tears I weep,  
 Turn not away, in wrath, Thy face ;  
 Awake my soul from sinful sleep,  
 And purify it by Thy grace.

3 Thou, who canst heal the broken heart,  
 Will hear the suppliant's prayer ;  
 Thy truth, Thy goodness, oh ! impart :  
 Almighty, take me to Thy care !

C. D. L. H.

185 Father of mercies ! on this morning,  
 Trembling I stand before Thy shrine,  
 Appalled by conscience, whose fore-  
     warning  
 Sternly prefigures wrath divine,  
 Whose bolt, (forgiving as Thou art,)  
 Hath stricken off the sinful heart.

2 Yet, though opprest with shame and  
     terror,  
 Freely will I to Thee expose  
 Each foible and each flagrant error,  
 That from unbridled passion grows,  
 Though from Omniscience none may  
     screen  
 Guilt, that no mortal eye hath seen.

3 But, O my Judge and Benefactor !  
 What trespass shall be first proclaimed ?  
 The slander of the base detractor,  
 Whose shaft at *more* than life is aimed,

That e'er with jealousy conspires,  
To mar what all the world admires?

- 4 Or, from my manifold offences,  
Shall I that scornful pride select,  
Which all its love in *self* condenses,  
And will no social tie respect,  
Frustrating thus Thy gracious end,  
In fellowship mankind to blend?
- 5 Eternal Sovereign! Sire supreme!  
When I Thy glory should promote,  
My powers to some worldly scheme  
Unrighteously do I devote,  
And e'en Thy Sabbaths oft profane,  
Some selfish object to attain.
- 6 Alas! were all these faults forgiven,  
So many would remain untold,  
That to despair I should be driven,  
Did I not in remembrance hold  
Thy mercy, from creation's birth,  
Dispensed to sinners upon earth.
- 7 Oh! may that shield of the offender,  
On this great judgment-day arise,  
And prompt Thee, Father! to surrender  
The scourge, uplifted to chastise!  
Thy boundless grace for me shall ope  
The gates of pardon, peace, and hope.

- 186 Comfort ye, O Israel ! and lift no more  
 The voice of trembling and of tribu-  
 lation ;  
 But songs of gladness and thanksgiving  
 pour  
 To Him who hears and answers  
 supplication.
- 2 Comfort ye, frail transgressors ! Hence  
 depart,  
 Cheered by the belief that He who  
 reigns above,  
 Will to himself draw every contrite heart  
 With the soft chords of pure, paternal  
 love.
- 3 But ere ye from this holy place retreat,  
 Vow, *firmly* vow, before the throne of  
 Heaven,  
 That ye will never more those sins repeat  
 Which God, in mercy, hath this day  
 forgiven.
- 4 Turn to your home ! But, oh ! remember  
*there*  
 The pious purposes *here* meditated !  
 Let each man's dwelling be a house of  
 prayer,  
 To peace, to love, to justice consecrated.



## 3. TABERNACLES.

- 187 How desolate thy fields and vales,  
 O Palestine! once fair and free—  
 No reaper-train the harvest hails  
 With hymns to Israel's Deity.
- 2 The torch hath been upon thy sheaf,  
 The brand upon thy fruitful vine,  
 And thou art like a withered leaf,  
 Hurl'd to the dust by wrath divine.
- 3 No more upon thy blighted soil  
 The tents of all the tribes arise;  
 Thou art indeed a prey and spoil—  
 Thy crown and sceptre Ishmael's prize.
- 4 Afar we tabernacles rear,  
 And seek a righteous substitute,  
 In grateful praise and godly prayer,  
 For offerings of grain and fruit.
- 5 Myrtles and willows we entwine,  
 And palm and fairer citron bring,  
 Creations of *one* Hand divine,  
 From which all nature's blessings  
 spring.
- 6 And as we thus together place  
 Inodorous and fragrant boughs,  
 So mingle, too, the human race,  
 Whom God with diverse gifts endows.
- 7 Our habitations we forsake  
 For booths, whose open roofs reveal  
*That* heaven, to whose Lord we make  
 Our first address and last appeal.

8 Such change the pious soul prepares  
 For final passage to the grave,  
 Whence it may reach immortal spheres,  
 Where saints the palm of glory wave!

9 O Thou! whose presence glorified  
 Our pilgrim fathers' desert-tents,  
 Let truth be now our angel-guide,  
 And light to Israel dispense! P. M.

188 Praise the Counselor supreme!  
 Oh! praise the Judge divine!  
 Who deigned Judah to redeem,  
 With wonder, word, and sign.  
 Feeble must all language prove,  
 His glories to rehearse,  
 Tokens of whose boundless love  
 Make glad the universe.

2 Led from Egypt's servile sod,  
 Our sires (a pilgrim band)  
 Trackless wilds securely trod  
 To Canaan's vine-clad land.  
 Frail the tent, but firm the trust,  
 Of Israel that day;  
 For, through desert-clouds of dust,  
 He still saw Mercy's ray.

3 Lost to us is that blessed soil  
 Whose trees shed fragrant tears;  
 But the Hand that wrought the spoil,  
 Fresh drops of balm prepares.  
 Genial now, as in the past,  
 Are beam, and breeze, and dew,  
 Which, for toiling man's repast,  
 The harvest-fruits renew.

- 4 *Now*, on freedom's rock sublime,  
 God's moral law is read;  
 Now, as in the elder time,  
 The wilderness yields bread.  
 Set your tabernacles up,  
 Ye righteous Hebrews! here,  
 Sanctify your sweetened cup  
 With sacred song and prayer.
- 5 In life's wilderness, man's fame  
 A transient booth appears,  
 Where the soul, that from God came,  
 Dwells for a few brief years.  
 Lord! when from this fabric slight  
 My spirit shall remove,  
 Guide it *Thou* to heaven's height.  
 The promised land of love!

P. M.

- 189 Rude are the tabernacles now  
 Of Israel's scattered band;  
 Still to the East the faithful bow,  
 And bless their fatherland.  
 Oh! save us, we beseech Thee, Lord!  
 Through every chance and change  
 adored.
- 2 Oh! when we think of Palestine.  
 Whose consecrated dust  
 Once bore the hallowed ark and shrine  
 Of Judah's only Trust:  
 We mourn to mark the stranger there,  
 Who only mocks the Hebrew's prayer.
- 3 Wake ye, who in the deadly sleep  
 Of self-delusion lie!

Arise! or ye may live to weep  
 The time now passing by.  
 Save us, O everlasting Lord!  
 Thy aid against remorse afford.

- 4 Let us re-open mercy's law,  
 And in our bosoms lock  
 Precepts, that humble hearts shall draw  
 Towards salvation's rock;  
 Praises to heaven's supreme Lord,  
 Who did this sovereign gift accord!

P. M.

190 Of Heaven's bounties let us sing,  
 That, countless as the stars above,  
 Through all the varied seasons spring  
 From the eternal Source of love!  
 Mirrored alike on vale and mount,  
 Are images of Grace benign;  
 Fields, moistened o'er by Mercy's fount,  
 To yield the reaper wheat and wine.

- 2 In spring, the whisp'ring breezes give  
 God's gracious message to the earth,  
 That languid nature shall revive,  
 And all that's beautiful have birth.  
 Brief the life-time of the flowers;  
 But scarcely have these passed away,  
 When the autumnal harvest-hours  
 Come to atone for their decay.
- 3 Shall lab'ring man on fallen leaves  
 Bestow his unavailing tears,  
 When on their ruin rise the sheaves  
 Whose golden grain his spirit cheers?

No! joyously he then should lift  
 His grateful heart to God in prayer,  
 Who to the season suits the gift,  
 But ne'er suspends a parent's care.

- 4 With moral providence, likewise,  
 Let beings of this world prepare  
 'Gainst days when youth's bright verdure  
 dies,  
 And life is like the waning year.  
 For then shall virtue vegetate,  
 And flourish on the *inner ground* ;  
 Joy shall the reaper animate,  
 Within whose tents its fruits are found.

P. M.

191 How great, how pure is my delight,  
 Thee to serve and praise, O Lord!  
 Thy wondrous judgements to recite,  
 Thy kind precepts to record.  
 Let my career be sanctified  
 From *this* day by godly deeds,  
 And through *that* path my footsteps guide  
 Which to thy own kingdom leads.

- 2 With *spiritual manna*, Thou  
 Craving hearts hast e'er sustained :—  
 Nourish with two-fold portion now  
 Those whose moral strength was waned.  
 Again, again, O gracious King!  
 By Thy mild, paternal grace  
 Am I allowed to pray and sing  
 In Thy blessed dwelling-place.

- 3 Oh ! that my thoughts were like my  
 theme,  
 Holy, glorious, and pure ;  
 That they would with reflected beam,  
 Come *from* Thee and *to* Thee soar !  
 Alas ! but *half* immortal here,  
 The soul no power can boast,  
 Of sending on the wings of prayer,  
 Thoughts that glorify Thee most.
- 4 Yet even prayer from lips defiled,  
 With indulgence have been heard—  
 On the suppliant Thou hast smiled,  
 Who with tears his plea preferred.  
 Me Thou never hast rejected,  
 When towards Thy mercy-seat  
 Faith my spirit hath directed,  
 Thy forgiveness to entreat.
- 5 With what can we compare the joy,  
 Lord ! of tending at Thy shrine,  
 The rapture, free from all alloy,  
 Of a service so divine ?  
 Oh ! grant our lives through future years  
 One long festival may prove,  
 And we from seeds first sown in tears,  
 Fruits may reap of peace and love.

P. M.

## 4. FEAST OF DEDICATION.

192 Great Arbiter of human fate,  
 Whose glory ne'er decays,  
 To Thee alone we dedicate  
 The song and soul of praise.

- 2 Thy presence Judah's host inspired,  
     On danger's post to rush;  
 By Thee the Maccabee was fired,  
     Idolatry to crush.
- 3 Amid the ruins of their land,  
     (In Salem's sad decline,)  
 Stood forth a brave but scanty band  
     To battle for their shrine.
- 4 In bitterness of soul they wept,  
     Without the temple wall;  
 For weeds around its courts had crept,  
     And foes its priests enthrall.
- 5 Not long to vain regrets they yield,  
     But for their cherished fane,  
 Nerved by true faith they take the field,  
     And victory obtain.
- 6 But whose the power, whose the hand,  
     Which thus to triumph led  
 That slender but heroic band,  
     From which blasphemers fled?
- 7 'Twas Thine, O everlasting King  
     And universal Lord!  
 Whose wonder still thy servants sing,  
     Whose mercies they record.
- 8 The priest of God his robe resumed,  
     When Israel's warlike guide  
 The sanctuary's lamp relumed,  
     Its altar purified.
- 9 Oh! thus shall Mercy's hand delight  
     To cleanse the blemished heart,  
 Rekindle virtue's waning light,  
     And peace and truth impart.

193

God dwells in light !  
 His first commanding word on earth,  
 Which at creation's glorious birth  
 Resounded, was : " Let there be light !"  
     The sun-lit beam  
     His tender stream,  
 Of love a symbol clear and bright.

2      God dwells in light !  
 Upon the lucid paths of life,  
 Redeemed from error, inward strife,  
 Let us proceed by wisdom led ;  
     In happiness  
     And in distress,  
 The light of God be on us shed !

3      God dwells in light !  
 A holy, heav'nly spark in trust  
 He gave to ev'ry child of dust,  
 Prepared by Him, th' Eternal One ;  
     A brilliant ray  
     To shine by day,  
 But not to set when life is gone.

4      God dwells in light !  
 He broke the sinner's mighty hand,  
 And crushed the despot's haughty band,  
 In glorious days of olden time ;  
     And ne'er to wane  
     In Israel's fane  
 Rekindled was His light sublime.

5      God dwells in light !  
 In Him, oh ! let us now rejoice,  
 And raise to him the heart and voice,  
 Who worketh wonders evermore ;



The guiltless tear  
 With light to cheer,  
 He changeth not, our God of yore!

- 6        God dwells in light!  
 He touched the champions' pious hearts  
 With fire, that courage e'er imparts,  
 For faith above all time and space!  
       Guard truth and love,  
       Sent from above—  
 Thou'lt triumph then, God's priestly race!  
M. M.

194    Arise! let the souls of the Hebrews  
       rejoice,  
 As they glorify God with the heart and  
       the voice,  
 Who with power sublime the oppressor  
       did crush,  
 As *He* led the bold Maccabee onward to  
       rush.

- 2    When idolatry darkened that beautiful  
       land,  
 Thy spirit inspired and nerved a brave  
       band,—  
 Nor long did the cloud their loved temple  
       surround,  
 For a mighty Hand Judah with victory  
       crowned.

- 3    Then th' altar so sullied by blasphemy's  
       breath,  
 Became holy and pure 'neath the conquer-  
       or's wreath;

And the nations of God clung around the  
 lov'd shrine,  
 From their foes thus released by Thy  
 mercy divine.

4 How bright o'er her ruins shone Salem's  
 lone star,  
 As the Maccabee proudly came forth from  
 the war!  
 And from many brave hearts did thanks-  
 giving ascend,  
 As they gathered before their own altar  
 to bend.

5 Great God of the faithful! unto Thee,  
 Thee alone,  
 Must we bow in submission before Thy  
 great throne;  
 For Thou, O Creator! in Thy mercy wilt  
 save  
 And redeem ev'ry soul from the gloom of  
 the grave. C. M. C.

## 5. FEAST OF ESTHER.

195 Almighty God! Thy special grace,  
 In seasons of distress,  
 Hath ever, by the Hebrew race,  
 Been gratefully confest.

2 When lots were cast, with evil aim,  
 Thy people to destroy,  
 From Thee the great decision came  
 That turned their tears to joy.

- 3 Earth's mightiest, at Thy decree,  
     E'en to the frailest yield,  
 And Susa's shore and Egypt's sea  
     Proclaim Thee Israel's Shield.
- 4 The mourner at the palace-gate,  
     The maiden on the throne  
 Were but the instruments of fate  
     To make God's mercy known.
- 5 To Thee alone the praise belongs,  
     Who, with a father's hand,  
 From Judah's race averts the wrongs  
     By adversaries planned.
- 6 Let proud, ungodly men, elate  
     With triumphs of an hour,  
 Remember, heaven can frustrate  
     Each dark device of pow'r.
- 7 Sov'reign of worlds! *Thou* wilt extend  
     Thy sceptre to the just,  
 The rights of innocence defend,  
     And bring its foes to dust. P. M.

196 O God! To-day our joyful song of praise,  
     Which grateful love and piety attune,  
 Unto Thy glorious throne on high we  
     raise,  
 While here with Thee devoutly we  
     commune.

- 2 Thou scornest falsehood, hatest vengeful  
     plans,  
 And penetratest all malignant hearts;  
 Thine all-pervading eye the spirit scans,  
     That from religion's holy law departs.

- 3 Pure innocence, by guilt and crime  
 oppressed,  
 Must often weep, by Thee unheeded long;  
 While *these* with fortune's rev'ling joys  
 are blessed,  
 Affliction, pain, and grief round *that* will  
 throng.
- 4 But when, at last, the sinner's cup  
 o'erflows,  
 Thou wilt, O God! Thy justice yet  
 reveal,  
 The deep-laid schemes of crime it over-  
 throws,  
 To punish guilt, and innocence to heal.
- 5 Sublime reward of bliss, thine all-just hand  
 Will on long-suffering piety bestow,  
 And virtue's brilliant crown and golden  
 band  
 Will then adorn her calm and cheerful  
 brow.

M. M.

## 6. PASSOVER.

197 God of the earth, the air, the sea,  
 Source of Israel's salvation!  
 Whose power set our fathers free  
 From Egypt's task and tribulation;  
 Through ages shall their seed proclaim  
 Their glorious Redeemer's name.

- 2 Thy angel in the pillar stood,  
 Towering, by turns, in flame and cloud,

And bade the *winds* pass o'er the flood,  
 To shield the meek and blast the proud ;  
 The song of Miriam evermore  
 Shall echo find from freedom's shore,

- 3 Here every bosom holds a chord,  
 That to her grateful strain responds,  
 Ascribing glory to the Lord,  
 Who can alone break human bonds.  
 Praise to the Guide of Israel's host,  
 Who maketh vain the tyrant's boast.

- 4 Let every soul be purified  
 From dark *corruption's* fatal *leaven*,  
 Nor in its blind and *stubborn* pride,  
 Reject the manna sent from heaven—  
 The pure, sweet seed of revelation,  
 By Mercy dropt for man's salvation. P. M.

198 Oh ! let us mingle heart and voice,  
 In unison let us rejoice,  
 To one great God appealing ;  
 The children of the Hebrew race,  
 Who, tho' divided now by space,  
 Are linked by fate and feeling.  
 Bondage hath ceased,  
 And freedom's feast  
 For souls released,  
 By mem'ry kept,  
 Each chord hath swept,  
 In which her sacred music slept.

- 2 The sword of vengeance flashed abroad !  
 The sceptre that became a *rod*  
 Has by a rod been broken ;

The child redeemed from Nile's great flood,  
Has changed its waters into blood!

A warning and a token  
Of plagues reserved  
For those who swerved,  
By power nerved,  
From laws humane,  
And dared constrain  
God's witnesses to works profane!

3 The clime of darkness blacker grows,  
No beam the worship'd sun-god throws  
Within the heathen's palace;  
Regardless of the despot's prayer  
Compell'd with trembling and with fear  
To drain the bitter chalice;  
Behold and praise  
God's wondrous ways  
Each hour displays!  
In contrast bright  
To Egypt's night  
On Israel's home shines perfect light.

4 And thus with concentrated ray  
On all who heaven's will obey,  
Whate'er may be their station,  
Through all the shadows cast by time,  
Shall rise in lustrous grace sublime  
The blest star of salvation!  
The tyrant's doom  
In midnight gloom,  
From throne to tomb  
On freedom's spot  
It resteth not:  
*Light to man's spirit there is brought.*

- 5 Creator ! Liberator ! Lord !  
 Let peace to us its palm accord,  
     Twined with faith's pure evergreen ;  
 Oh ! bless the rulers of each land,  
 Who cause its branches to expand,  
     Its rare fruitage to be seen.  
     Most holy King !  
     Let Judah cling  
     To laws that spring  
     From Mercy's seat,  
     While at Thy feet  
 This day's memorial we repeat.

P. M.

- 199 Hallelujah ! Praise to Thee,  
 Mighty God of victory !  
 Voice of Jacob, now repeat  
 Paschal anthems, loud and sweet.
- 2 Hallelujah ! God hath bowed  
 Hearts idolatrous and proud—  
 Whelmed amid their vain career,  
 Courser, car, and charioteer !
- 3 Hallelujah ! Let us sing,  
 Sound the trump, the timbrels ring !  
 Tyrant-kings shall never more  
 Scorn the God that we adore.
- 4 Hallelujah ! Spear and shield  
 Vainly may the strongest wield ;  
 Weak the cause that virtue wrongs,  
 Triumph but to truth belongs.
- 5 Hallelujah ! Symbol bright  
 Of divine, impartial light  
 Is the sun that taketh heed  
 Of the flower and the weed.

- 6 Hallelujah ! Even so  
 Mercy beams on all below ;  
 Nor to saints its smiles confines,  
 But on guilt forgiving shines.
- 7 Hallelujah ! Full and free  
 Swelled the Hebrews' choral glee,  
 As to Palestine they sped,  
 By the God of battles led.
- 8 Hallelujah ! May our race,  
 Heirs of promise and of grace,  
 Enter heav'n beyond life's goal,  
 Blessed Canaan of the soul !

HALLELUJAH !

P. M.

- 200 Glory to God ! whose outstretched hand  
 Hath smitten Pharaoh's mighty band.  
 Let songs through all the tribes resound,  
 Ransom for Israel hath been found,  
 A refuge from the scourge and chain,  
 A shield from the oppressor's reign.
- 2 The Red Sea is in triumph past ;  
 Praise to the Ruler of the blast !  
 At whose strong breath the waves rolled by,  
 And left the deep foundation dry.  
 Behold the pride of Egypt checked,  
 Her princes, priests, and warriors wrecked.
- 3 In vain to helpless gods they plead  
 For succor in the hour of need ;  
 No providence like ours they know,  
 To make the flood its prey forego.  
 Rider and steed in terror sink,  
 While Judah gains the desert's brink.



- 4 Sole King of heaven and earth ! protect  
 The residue of Thy elect !  
 Let piety redeem their souls,  
 Whom sin in fearful bondage holds !  
 O Israel ! hear her angel tone,  
 And bow before One God alone ! P. M.

201 Hallelujah !  
 Sing ever thus before the Lord,  
 O Israel ! with one accord  
 His name thus glorify ;  
 Such tribute piety demands  
 From dwellers in the desert sands,  
 And nations proud and high.  
 Hallelujah !

2 Hallelujah !  
 In battle, who shall be our shield ?  
 By whom shall our wounds be healed,  
 But Thee, O God supreme ?  
 Saviour, in danger and distress,  
 Who can alone all wrongs redress,  
 And man from sin redeem !  
 Hallelujah !

3 Hallelujah !  
 When before Judah's host He past,  
 Earth from its orb night's shadow cast,  
 And brighter grew than day ;  
 As changing to a golden cloud,  
 The moving columns dusky shroud,  
 Unveiled His glory lay.  
 Hallelujah !

## 4 Hallelujah !

On, on the holy standards flew,  
 And victory the angel knew  
 Whose light her course controls ;  
 And to the legions of the Lord  
 Gave liberty—the blest reward  
 Of their confiding souls.

Hallelujah !

## 5 Hallelujah !

Woe to the courser and the car,  
 Struggling to stem the liquid bar,  
 That would their progress check ;  
 Woe to the prince, whose daring band,  
 Braved *Him*, in whose almighty hand,  
 Redemption lies, and wreck.

Hallelujah !

## 6 Hallelujah !

And now from the triumphant ranks  
 Sweet minstrels send melodious thanks  
 To God, for ever near ;  
 Whose spirit like the parting sun,  
 Smiled on the work itself had done,  
 And left a glory there.

Hallelujah !

## 7 Hallelujah !

When first devotion's heart was stirred,  
 It found a volume on this word,  
 Dropt from a seraph's tongue ;  
 And, oh ! when life is on the wane,  
 By faith shall this celestial strain  
 Be to man's spirit sung.

HALLELUJAH !

P. M.

## 7. PENTECOST.

- 202 Let us to prayer ! it is the holy time,  
 When Moses stood on Sinai's mount  
                   sublime,  
 Communing with that uncreated One,  
 Whose glory on his brow reflected shone.
- 2 Earth reeled in presence of its mighty  
                   King,  
 From whom eternal truth and knowledge  
                   spring ;  
 Red lightnings quivered o'er the conscious  
                   sod,  
 As man revealed the graven laws of God.
- 3 O house of Jacob ! upon " eagles' wings "  
 Triumphant borne through desert  
                   wanderings ;  
 Ye who have been the Lord's peculiar  
                   choice,  
 For ever in that covenant rejoice !
- 4 Oh ! treasure until life itself departs  
 Those precious statutes in your inmost  
                   hearts !  
 Cause every member of your household  
                   band  
 Daily to meditate on each command ;
- 5 Until the spirit of those words divine,  
 Sheds on their souls its influence benign !  
 Blessing and curse are both before ye set,  
 May ye the promise win, and ward the  
                   threat !

- 203 Rejoice in God, our mighty Rock,  
 Whose promise, blissful and sublime,  
 Intrusted to his chosen flock,  
 Will be fulfilled in future time,  
 And Israel with glory crown'd,  
 Shall sanctify His holy Name;  
 His doctrines pure and truths profound  
 All earth will then with joy proclaim.
- 2 "Of nations be thou mine elect,  
 A priestly kingdom unto me;  
 Within thy midst the fane erect  
 Of light, and truth, and charity.  
 My spirit then will ever rest  
 On thee, the people of my heart;  
 My word, our covenant's behest,  
 Will never from thy race depart!"
- 3 Thou hast, O Father! faithfully  
 Kept that paternal covenant,  
 Protected 'gainst calamity  
 And cruel scorn Thy chosen band.  
 Hast been with them, where'er they  
 dwelt,  
 And hearkened, when from bitter grief  
 Before Thine altar down they knelt,  
 To supplicate Thee for relief.
- 4 Again we now before Thee stand,  
 O God of old! with festal glee;  
 Free children of a glorious land  
 The covenant renew with Thee.  
 For tho' deep error's heavy guilt  
 Rests yet upon our heart and soul,  
 Thy word's inheritance Thou wilt  
 That we should guard to life's last goal.

- 5 And when religion's victory  
 Will all the earth have sanctified,  
 The heav'nly rule of charity  
 The hearts of mankind purified :—  
 Then will all o'er the world resound  
 Again that holy, awful word,  
 Proclaimed to us on Sinai's mount :  
*"I am th' Eternal God, thy Lord !"*
- 6 And into ONE great brotherhood  
 That call the human race will turn ;  
 To know Thee to be just and good,  
 And love each other they will learn.  
 The patient lamb and quiet sheep,  
 With wolves and lions strong will play ;  
 And heav'nly peace, serene and deep,  
 Will shed on earth its blissful ray.
- 7 And all will worship Thee alone,  
 Our sole Redeemer, God, and Lord !  
 Contention will no more be known  
 On earth, enlightened by Thy word.  
 All men, inspired by truth and love,  
 With one accord will then exclaim :  
*"The Lord is ONE in heav'n above,  
 And ONE on earth His glorious Name!"*

M. M.

- 204 We bring not to our holy shrine,  
 Gath'rings like those of Palestine ;  
 No golden sheaves, or olives green,  
 Or clustering grapes may there be seen ;
- 2 No harvest-song is heard to swell,  
 Where Hebrews in their exile dwell ;  
 Yet mourn not Israel for this,  
 Bring ye the fruits of righteousness !

- 3 Cultivate virtue's holy ground,  
Where pure philanthropy is found ;  
That human vine which in its folds,  
With loving clasp its neighbor holds.
- 4 Let peace its palmy branches spread,  
And charity its balm-drops shed ;  
Meek faith unto the altar bring,  
And tears for trespass-offering.
- 5 Fruits of the spirit consecrate  
To God, supremely wise and great ;  
Reapers of grace shall ye then be  
In fields of immortality.

P. M.

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## VIII. CONFIRMATION HYMNS.

- 205 God ! to my spirit's great delight,  
I Thy law in childhood learned,  
When faith towards my wondering sight,  
Thine eternal tablets turned ;  
Showing with what abundant grace,  
Father ! Thou with hand divine  
Didst those great testimonies trace,  
Which now mark man's moral line.
- 2 Young are the lips that venture now,  
In thy gracious presence, Lord !  
To pronounce the solemn vow,  
Listening angels will record ;  
Yet firmly, freely we respond  
Unto piety's appeal,  
Now to take on us the bond,  
Under confirmation's seal !

- 3 As members enter Israel's fold,  
     With consent of heart and mind,  
 In fellowship of faith enrolled,  
     Until life shall be resigned ;  
 In every clime beneath the sun,  
 Loudly will we e'er proclaim,  
 That the Lord our God is *One* !  
     And adore *His* holy name.
- 4 Heavenly Sire ! watchers station  
     O'er the wavering and the weak,  
 Who the meshes of temptation,  
     Have not strength enough to break ;  
 Oh ! let not sin, (an infant yet  
     At the threshold of the soul,)   
 There mature, decoys to set,  
     All its movements to control.
- 5 Guide of innocence ! direct us  
     Onward to salvation's road,  
 From those passions still protect us,  
     Which e'en youthful hearts corrode.  
 Links of love let us not sever,  
     By rude strife or wrathful words ;  
 But unite in kind endeavor,  
     Closer still to bind its chords.
- 6 Thou sendest angels pure to guard  
     The cradles by our mother rocked,  
 These *first* the gates of truth unbarred,  
     And with these in prayer we talked.  
 And when in earth's last cradle set,  
     The trembling soul would heav'n reach,  
*These* as its holy guardians yet  
     Shall the young immortal teach. P. M.

- 206 Happy he whom nature mouldeth,  
 Virtue's impress to receive,—  
 Whom her moral law upholdeth,  
 And will to her practice cleave.
- 2 Happy he who seeks promotion  
 Only where *her* ranks are found ;  
 Disciplined by true devotion,  
 Fearlessly to tread her ground.
- 3 Happy he who, young and tender,  
 Enters piety's abode ;  
 Prayers to breathe, and praises render,  
 For the gifts by God bestow'd.
- 4 Happy he who as his preacher  
 Hath that angel from above,  
 Frailty's most indulgent teacher ;  
 Blessed, pure, benignant love ;
- 5 Who as Mercy's envoy meekly  
 Judges young transgressors here,  
 In unguarded moments weakly  
 Drawn into corruption's sphere ;
- 6 Who, when earthly parents perish,  
 Tidings to the orphan brings :  
 God the fatherless will cherish  
 'Neath the shadow of His wings.
- 7 Happy he who humbly hearkens  
 To religion's voice in youth,  
 That when time his prospect darkens,  
 Cheers him with the beams of truth.
- 8 Turn then, O ye young and careless !  
 Leave awhile your sports, to learn  
 Laws to which, in seasons cheerless,  
 Ye for light and warmth may turn :



9 Precepts that shall overpower  
Peril, poverty, and pain,  
Such as in the last dread hour,  
Victory o'er death shall gain!

10 Faith on her erring children calleth,  
God's forgiveness to implore;  
Promising each tear that falleth,  
Ransom shall for sin procure.

P. M.

207 God of my fathers! in Thy sight  
With reverential awe, I vow  
To be confirmed an Israelite,  
And only at *Thy* altar bow.  
Merciful Lord! with grief intense,  
I think, how often when a child,  
The paradise of innocence  
Was by my passions rude defiled.

2 Oft did my wayward spirit break  
The prime injunction of Thy law,  
And for some worthless idol's sake,  
Its worship from Thyself withdraw.  
And, oh! tho' from Thy holy book  
Another text was daily read,  
Vainly Thy sacred name I took,  
By levity or anger led.

3 Blest Sabbath! nature's golden hours,  
Holy, sanctified, serene,  
When children yet with youthful pow'rs,  
The fruits of godliness should glean,  
No incense from that little urn,  
Where infant life its spark secretes,  
Was brought before *Thy* shrine to burn,  
Whose bounty lavished countless sweets.

- 4 Nor, though an angel's voice might call  
 For silence in the house of pray'r,  
 And show the writing on the wall:  
 "Know before whom thou standest  
 here!"  
 From idle converse would I pause;  
 Regardless of paternal threats  
 'Gainst those who coldly serve Thy cause,  
 I failed to pay my filial debts.
- 5 Remembrance now my soul alarms,  
 By bringing back in sad review,  
 The guardians to whose fost'ring arms  
 In suff'ring I, or sorrow flew,  
 Wounded by my rebellious ways,  
 Infringing on that great command:  
 "Honor thy parents, that thy days  
 Be long and happy in the land."
- 6 "Thou shalt not covet!" Woe is me!  
 Forgetful of that charge divine,  
 Not without envy could I see  
 A neighbor's gift excelling mine!  
 O gracious God! dare I then stand  
 Before Thee as a candidate  
 For place among the chosen band,  
 Who shall Thy law perpetuate?
- 7 But hark! A seraph whispers now:  
 "Courage! and from thy sins depart!  
 God will accept thy contrite vow,  
 And make thee of His fold a part.  
 Be thou a Hebrew, sanctified,  
 His Unity to promulgate,  
 Nor, tho' dissenting brothers chide,  
 From thy great purpose deviate.

S "In Providence then firmly trust,  
     E'en when it seemeth *most* to frown;  
 It raiseth meekness *from* the dust,  
     And *to* it brings the haughty down.  
 God's promise reacheth to the tomb;  
     Whence righteous spirits shall migrate,  
 Immortal graces to assume,  
     And all His glory contemplate." P. M.

# APPENDIX.

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## SCHOOL HYMNS.

208 Oh! fill our hearts, Almighty King!  
With gratitude to Thee,  
That we Thy praise may gladly sing,  
In all humility.

2 May we instruction now receive,  
With willing heart and mind,  
And all Thy laws, O God! believe,  
Who art so. just and kind;

3 Who watchest o'er our actions here,  
And guardest us from ill;  
Oh! teach us humbly to revere,  
And bow before Thy will.

4 And when our souls thou callest hence  
To life beyond the tomb,  
May there our youth we recommence,  
For everlasting bloom.

209 With grateful hearts of song and praise  
And filial love to Thee we raise,  
For all that Thou hast ever done  
For us, Thy children, holy One!

2 To Thee our life and health we owe,  
And ev'ry competence below;  
Our soul immortal thou hast given,  
To dwell again with Thee in heaven.

- 3 Our tender age by parents dear  
Is watched with never-tiring care ;  
May we with joyful willingness  
Their counsels on our hearts impress !
- 4 Our teachers, true in deed and word,  
Instruct us in Thy law, O Lord !  
May we this law before us set,  
And their monitions ne'er forget !
- 5 Do Thou assist us, while we strive  
On earth with all in peace to live ;  
And grant us, after death, O King !  
With angels joined, Thy praise to sing !

M. M.

210 Almighty God ! we pray to Thee,  
To lead us with paternal hand,  
In paths of truth and piety ;  
And teach us well to understand,  
Tho' young in years, Thy holy will,  
And all our duties to fulfill.

- 2 Bestow Thy blessing, holy Lord !  
On those who, with untiring zeal,  
Teach us Thine everlasting word :  
A guide through life, in woe and weal,  
A shield against the snares of sin,  
A help Thy pleasure e'er to win.
- 3 May we in wisdom, Lord ! progress—  
By daily practice ever show  
That truly we *Thy* law profess,  
And strive by all our toils below,  
To gain, at last, the choicest prize—  
*Eternal bliss beyond the skies.*

M. M.

## PSALM OF DAVID.

## MEEZEMORE.

Haboo ladonai banâ-aleem, haboo ladonai kabode va-ngoze, Haboo ladonai kabode shamo, hishta-châvva ladonai ba-hadrat Kodesh. Kole adonai ngal-hamâyeem ale-châ-kâbode hir-ngeem adonai ngal mâyeem-râbeem. Kole âdonai bâ-koach kole ádonai ba-hádár. Kole adonai shobare arä-zeem, va-isha-bare e-tar-za ha-la-banon va-yar-kedame kamo ngaguel labanon va shuryon kamo ben-rai-ameme. Kole adonai chotsabe lâhabote ashe. Kole adonai ya-cheel midbar, yacheel âdonai midbar kadoshe, kole adonai ya-cho-lale aya-lote, vasofe yangarote oob-hachalo, koolo omâre kabode. Ádonai lá-mábule yasheb vayasheb ádonai malech langolam ádonai ngose la-ngamo-yetane adonai yabâ-rach etngnamo bá-shá-lome.

## AH-DO-NGO-LAM

Ah-do-ngo-lam â-share malach ba-ta-rem  
 Kol yet-sar neeb-ra,  
 Langet nang-sa Kaheftsokol âizâi  
 Malech sha-mo-nikra,  
 Vâ âchare-kick tohhakol labâdo yeemloch nora.  
 Vahâhâyoh vahohova vehuyeya bateefarâ,  
 Vahooachad va-enshène lahamshelo la-achberâ  
 Balerashete, balatochlete valoàngoze vâ-âmeesrà,  
 Balingnerech, baledimjone, baleshenoo ve-atmurah,  
 Balechebure. baleferood, gadole-koach  
 vahâgaboora,

Vahoo-ale vachà-go-àle vatzoor cheeble bayome  
tza-rah,

Vahoonesee hoo-mà-noose manet-kosee bayome  
ek-rah.

Bayàdo afkeed roo-che bengeteshan ve-angerah,  
Beyimruche gäveyàtee adonai le valoerà.

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## YIGDAL.

Yigdal alohimchà vayish ta-bach  
Neem-tzar ve-a-ngnet-el ma-tze oo to,  
Echad vaaneya chid kayehudo,  
Nanglam vagain en suf la ach dooto.  
Enlo damoot hà goof va a noo goof,  
Lo na ngarach alan Kadooshàto,  
Kodmone lachal dabar à sher neebrà,  
Rashone va ane rasheet larash-e-toh.  
Eno adone ngolam lachol notzar,  
Yora gadoolàto hoomalchuto.  
Shafang nabooàto natango-ale,  
Ansha sagoolato vateefàr-to  
Lokam bayisràel kamosha-ngode,  
Nabi oomàbeetel tamoo-nàto,  
Torat amet nàtan langàmoel,  
Ngalyad nabeo ahman-bato.  
Loyar hà-lef-àel valo-yàmcer dàto  
Langolâmim lazulàto  
Tsafa vayoda-ang sà-tàra-noo  
Mabeet lasofe dàbar bechad-mooto.  
Gomel la-ish chaseed kamif-ngàto  
Noten larashangrang kareesh-ngàto.  
Yeeshlach lakaatz-yamim mashechanoo  
Lifdote machàka-kaatz yáshoo-ngàto.

Mateem yacháyahel barobe chasdo,  
 Baruch ngad dangad shem táelàto.  
 Ala shalosh ngesra laneek raneem  
 Enam yasodàtel vatoràto.

(*Repeat Mateem.*)

### ANE-KA-LO-HA-NOO.

- 1 Anekalohanoo, Anekàdonanu,  
 Anekamalkanoo, Anekamo sheenganoo,  
 Mekalohanoo, Mekádonanoo,  
 Mekamalkanoo, Mekamoshenganoo.
- 2 Nodalolahanoo, Nodalàdonanoo,  
 Nodalamalkanoo, Nodalamo-shenganoo,  
 Baruch alohanoo, Baruch àdonanoo  
 Baruch Malkanoo Baruch moshenganoo.
- 3 Atà oolohanoo, Àtà oolàdonanoo,  
 Àtà oomalkanoo, Àtà oomoshenganoo,  
 Àtà toshengano, Àtà takoom tarà  
 Chemtzeyone kenget lahenngenà kebà monged.









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